Dump Carter?

TRB *(No)*, Ken Bode *(Maybe)*, Arthur Schlesinger Jr. *(Yes)*

RITTER LIBRARY
BALDWIN-WALLACE
COLLEGE

THE NEW REPUBLIC

RITTER LIB PERIODICALS
BALDWIN WALLACE COLL
BEREA, OH 44017

July 7 & 14, 1979

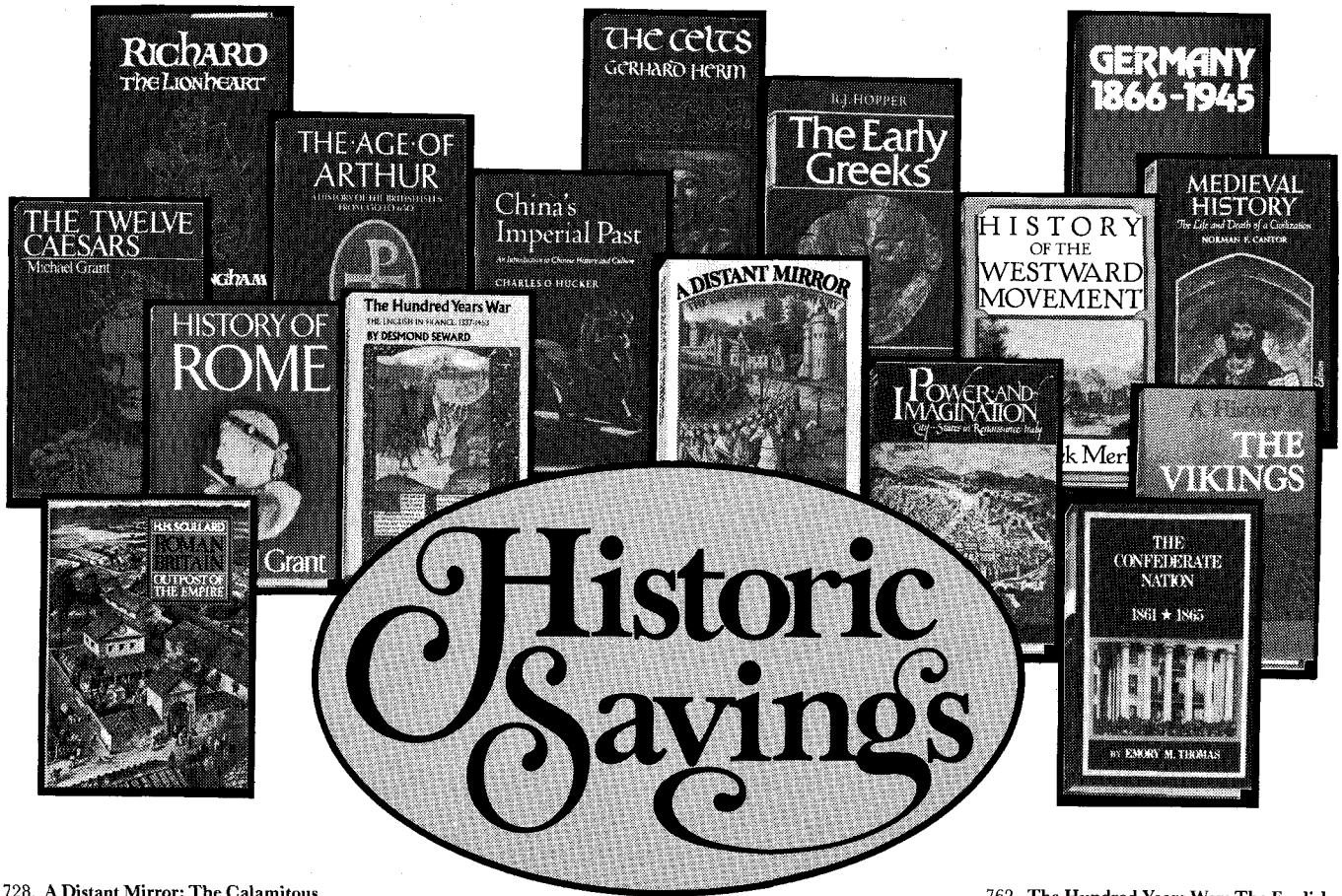
Price One Dollar

Needed: The Moral Equivalent of Wartime Equality—*Michael Walzer*

Dishonest to Goodness

Barbara Grizzuti Harrison on Billy Graham

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



728. **A Distant Mirror: The Calamitous 14th Century.** *By Barbara Tuchman.* $15.95/**$9.95**

658. **Stonewall in The Valley: T.J. 'Stonewall' Jackson's Shenandoah Valley Campaign, Spring 1862.** *By Robert G. Tanner.* $10.00/**$7.95**

740. **History of Rome.** *By Michael Grant.* $17.50/**$11.50**

606. **The Mycenaean World.** *By John Chadwick.* $17.95/**$11.95**

674. **Hitler's Spies: German Military Intelligence in World War II.** *By David Kahn.* $16.95/**$10.95**

187. **The World of the Huns: Studies in Their History and Culture.** *By O.J. Maenchen-Helfen.* $25.00/**$16.00**

673. **Andrew Jackson: And the Course of American Empire 1767–1821.** *By Robert V. Remini.* $15.00/**$9.95**

546. **The Celts.** *By Gerhard Herm.* $12.50/**$8.50**

767. **Murmurs of Earth: The Voyager Interstellar Record.** *By Carl Sagan, et. al.* Man's most ambitious and sophisticated attempt to communicate with other worlds. $15.00/**$9.95**

464. **The Twelve Caesars.** *By Michael Grant.* $12.50/**$8.75**

274. **The Age of Arthur.** *By John Morris.* British history from 350–650 A.D. $17.50/**$11.95**

478. **China's Imperial Past: An Introduction to Chinese History and Culture.** *By Charles O. Hucker.* $17.50/**$11.95**

414. **Russia Under the Old Regime.** *By Richard Pipes.* Analysis of 1000 years of Russian growth. $17.50/**$10.95**

520. **Plagues and Peoples.** *By William H. McNeill.* Impact of diseases on civilizations from prehistory to the present. $10.00/**$7.75**

157. **The History of the Vikings.** *By Gwyn Jones.* $15.00/**$9.95**

729. **The World of Odysseus.** *By M.I. Finley.* $10.00/**$7.95**

707. **History of the Westward Movement.** *By Frederick Merk.* The great migration from Europe to California. $20.00/**$11.95**

665. **The Hittites: And Their Contemporaries in Asia Minor.** *By J.G. Macqueen.* $18.00/**$11.00**

Take any 3 all for 99¢

values up to $70.00 with trial membership

4 GOOD REASONS TO TRY THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB

Big cash savings. Last year our members saved 33% on their club purchases. Your total savings as a trial member, including this introductory offer, can be more than 50%.

Liberal bonus plan. You can qualify for added savings through bonus books, selected from our full list of 150-200 fine works.

Exceptional quality. In its 33 years, the Club has distributed over 1,000 books, including 72 award winners. Our books are the equal of publishers' editions, not economy reprints.

Membership Benefits. Every four weeks (13 times a year) you'll receive our *Review* and a dated reply card. If you want the Editors' Choice, do nothing; the book will come automatically. If you want another book, or no book at all, return the card by the date specified. (Book shipments will be charged to your account at low member's prices, plus postage-and-packing.) If you should get an unwanted book because you had less than 10 days to decide, you may return it and pay nothing. We guarantee postage.

HS79C

The History Book Club, Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please enroll me as a trial member and send me the four books whose numbers I have entered below. Bill those on the left at 99¢ for all three and the fourth at the low member's price, plus postage-and-packing.

I may return the books within three weeks at your expense and owe nothing. Or I will buy four more selections within a year (*not counting my choices above*), and then I may resign at any time. All Club purchases are at low member's prices, and a postage-and-packing fee is added to all shipments.

NR-82S

Print Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

In Canada: Mail to The History Book Club, 16 Overlea Blvd., Toronto M4H 1A6, Canada

762. **The Hundred Years War: The English in France, 1337–1453.** *By Desmond Seward.* $11.95/**$8.95**

163. **Medieval History: The Life and Death of a Civilization.** *By Norman F. Cantor.* $11.95/**$8.95**

776. **Richard the Lionheart.** *By John Gillingham.* This legendary king emerges as one of the ablest ever to sit on the British throne. $12.50/**$8.50**

773. **Roman Britain: Outpost of the Empire.** *By H.H. Scullard.* New discoveries of the period when Celtic and Roman cultures came together. $14.95/**$9.90**

732. **Germany: 1866–1945.** *By Gordon Craig.* $19.95/**$12.95**

733. **People of the Lake: Mankind and its Beginnings.** *By Richard Leakey and Roger Lewin.* $10.95/**$8.95**

758. **The Great Mutiny: India 1857.** *By Christopher Hibbert.* $15.95/**$9.95**

790. **Black Hills, White Sky: Photographs from the Collection of the Arvada Center Foundation.** *Selected & with commentary by Alvin M. Josephy, Jr.* The transformation of the Black Hills of South Dakota from frontier to civilization. $19.50/**$13.50**

550. **The Early Greeks.** *By R.J. Hopper.* $25.00/**$13.00**

796. **Power and Imagination: City-States in Renaissance Italy.** *By Lauro Martines.* A splendid study of the political and cultural forces which shaped the achievements of the Italian Renaissance. $15.95/**$9.95**

769. **The Confederate Nation: 1861-1865.** *By Emory M. Thomas.* What the Confederacy was supposed to be—and what it became. $15.00/**$9.95**

828. **The Devil's Horsemen: The Mongol Invasion of Europe.** *By James Chambers.* The devastation of Eastern Europe and Russia during the 13th century. $11.95/**$8.95**

EACH OF THE FOLLOWING BOOKS COUNTS AS TWO OF YOUR THREE SELECTIONS:

A775. **Munich: The Price of Peace.** *By Telford Taylor.* The events leading up to Chamberlain's fateful meeting with Hitler. $17.50/**$11.95**

A706. **The Family, Sex and Marriage in England, 1500-1800.** *By Lawrence Stone.* $30.00/**$17.50**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TRB

from Washington
July 7 & 14, 1979

ɔonnie Prince Teddy

hey love Teddy Kennedy the way the cots loved Bonnie Prince Charlie. "I ıink on him that's far awa',/The lee-ng night, and weep." This is their ment. Humdrum Jimmy Carter, who eturns this week from Tokyo, can't ɔmpete. I went to the convention of mericans for Democratic Action here ecently and you could feel the yearning ɔr the dashing Kennedy before you ntered the ballroom, and almost hear ıe keening of bagpipes playing a ibroch (whatever that is). They were all ıere, the New Deal Old Guard, and I ɔuld imagine John Kenneth Galbraith, ırthur Schlesinger Jr., Joseph Rauh and ıe others dressed in tartans and rooning a rune. Teddy, the King over ıe Water! "Oh where! and oh where! is our Highland laddie gone?/He's gone ɔ fight the French for King George pon the throne/And it's oh! in my heart wish him safe at home."

Jimmy can't compete with that. I may e getting my history mixed, but for the ɔyal supporters of the exiled Stuarts, Carter seems like a dull Hanoverian.

The polls show it, too. The system ın't working—the system of com-etition, of free enterprise, of checks nd balances and separation of powers—nd somebody is to blame. A new Harris/ABC poll says that Reagan tops Carter in a one-on-one contest, with Connally not far behind. Carter is eld responsible for rising prices and as lines and Skylab falling. And Kennedy is the Young Pretender.

Before the ADA—which claims 55,000 members and used to be bigger—adjourned, it overwhelmingly voted no confidence in Carter and undertook to "create an irresistible national mandate" for Senator Kennedy. Carter, they said, has "gone Republican."

Kennedy is handsome and dramatic. Once while campaigning for Jack, he came down a 180-foot ski jump, though he was a novice. He rode a frenziedly bucking horse at a rodeo and stayed on five seconds before being thrown. I don't know if he plans to run. But if he does, it will be a different kind of presidential election than any we have seen in years; it will be extraordinarily personal.

To begin with, there are the martyred brothers. Their memory gives Ted a haunting luster. It is no use trying to analyze it; it is there. It is legend; the Kennedy name is unique.

I heard Teddy speak at the Democrats' midterm convention at Memphis and I attest that he is one of the best speakers in public life. He demanded the enactment of all-out national health insurance right away, immediately; he didn't want to wait and damn the expense; it would be cheaper anyway, he was certain, than the private system. He wowed the crowd which was waiting to be wowed.

Then there is Chappaquiddick. If Kennedy runs, political reporters will have to move over for gossip writers, psychiatrists and investigative reporters. Anne Taylor Fleming in the Sunday *New York Times Magazine*, says that this was a "turning point" in his life and that "since Chappaquiddick he has grown and matured." We shall be getting a good deal more of this soon, I guess, because July 18 is the 10th anniversary. An article by James Wooten in the Sunday *Washington Post Magazine* recalls Kennedy's plea of guilty to the charge of leaving an accident, when he received a two-month suspended sentence. The black Oldsmobile jumped off the narrow Massachusetts bridge and landed upside down in 10 feet of water and he emerged alive and Mary Jo Kopechne (one-time secretary of brother Robert) didn't. He walked back in dripping clothes to the party, reported the affair and then went to his hotel suffering apparent shock.

The "significance of Chappaquiddick," says historian James MacGregor Burns, a kind of semi-official chronicler of the clan and an historian of integrity, "came to lie more in the nature of the response than in the precise events of the evening." Later on in a TV-radio broadcast, Kennedy searched his soul publicly for the voters of Massachusetts, who reelected him. Kennedy said, "I regard as indefensible the fact that I did not report the accident to the police immediately." Editorials were unkind. Burns himself notes that the speech "obscured the extraordinary nature of the concessions in it—concessions that amounted to an abject confession."

Let us drop the subject. Kennedy is one of the strongest voices in the upper house, a more effective senator than either of his brothers and about to become a congressional mogul as chairman of the powerful Judiciary Committee. He has the best office staff in Washington.

But the gossip won't let go. A continuing personal drama titillates women's magazines and we must all share it, I suppose, if Teddy runs: his wife Joan lives apart from him in Boston, goes to school and goes to Alcoholic Anonymous meetings. It would be an awkward subject in a campaign.

Jimmy Carter comes back from Tokyo this week, as he did recently from Geneva where he signed the monumental SALT II agreement and, in happier times, that would give his embattled presidency a lift. But things are different now. Our system of divided authority and odd-even separation of powers needs a war to make it work in a crisis, and this crisis has no war. People complain that nobody's in charge. The founding fathers left it that way. It is argued that a stronger president could make Congress toe the line on energy. Nixon, Ford, Carter all tried it without success. Congress has finally got the word; the public is sullen and frightened. Inflation rose 1.1 percent in May. Last week the panicky Senate approved, 90-3, a non-binding resolution asking Carter to convene a domestic summit meeting on the energy crisis. When in trouble, hold a conference.

Arthur Schlesinger told the ADA that Kennedy is "splendidly qualified for the presidency." The ADA has trouble with its candidates, particularly if they get elected. In 1948 it wanted to dump Truman for Eisenhower. It supported Lyndon Johnson, then attacked him, and had doubts as between Hubert Humphrey and Richard Nixon in 1968. Now it has lost its heart to Teddy. He will set everything right, his lyric mix of tragedy and poetry will charm OPEC leaders and the strikers. Dump Jimmy Carter! It's all very colorful and heroic but I think it is grand opera, not politics.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AMERICAN INCOME LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of INDIANA

Serving America's Union Families

Comparative Financial Review

	Years ended December 31, 1978	1977
Total Income	$ 65,137,912	$ 52,823,191
Benefits and expenses	54,870,616	46,046,539
Income before income taxes and realized investment gains (losses)	10,267,296	6,776,652
Provision for income taxes		
Current	---	---
Deferred	2,792,809	1,909,150
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	7,474,487	4,867,502
Realized investment gains (losses)	(120,433)	11,364
Net income	7,354,054	4,878,866
Earnings per share		
Income before realized investment gains (losses)	4.35	2.88
Realized investment gains (losses)	(.07)	.01
Net income	4.28	2.89
Assets	$ 144,993,410	$ 116,651,027
Insurance in Force	$1,504,894,000	$1,289,000,000

AMERICAN INCOME LIFE INS. CO.

a union label company serving American union families. It is publicly owned with 4800 stock holders and with assets of approximately 144 million dollars. If you would like an annual report, write to:
Bernard Rapoport, Chairman of the Board
P.O.B. 208, Waco, Texas 76703

Contents

TRB from Washington	3	Bonnie Prince Teddy
Comment	5	Energy Economics
		The Fun Never Stops in Texas
Stephen Chapman	6	Truck Stop
	7	Correspondence
Morton Kondracke	9	Advice for Bob Strauss
Ken Bode	12	Dumpsters Convention
Arthur Schlesinger Jr.	14	Who Needs Grover Cleveland?
Michael Walzer	16	Socialism and Self-Restraint
Deborah Baldwin	19	Ideology by Mail
		Books and the Arts
Stanley Kauffmann	24	Theater: All New, All American
William Youngren	25	Classical Records
Barbara G. Harrison	28	*Billy Graham* by Marshall Frady
Seamus Heaney	32	Poem: "In Memoriam Francis Ledwidge"
J. H. Plumb	33	*The Friends of Liberty* by Albert Godwin
Anne Tyler	35	*The Basement* by Kate Millett
Marc Granetz	36	*Of This Time, Of That Place, and Other Stories* by Lionel Trilling
Brief Reviews	38	*Wild Oats* by Jacob Epstein
		Sally Hemings by Barbara Chase-Riboud
	39	Current Paperbacks
Washington Diarist	42	Puppets

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Politics and the Arts, Vol. 181, Nos. 1 & 2, Issue 3365 & 3366, July 7 & 14, 1979. Published weekly (except the issues of July 14, July 28, August 11, September 8) and distributed by The New Republic, Inc., 1220 19th Street, N.W. Washington, DC 20036. Phone (202) 331-7494. Single copy, $1.00; Yearly subscriptions, $24; foreign, $27; students, $17.

Copyright 1979 by The New Republic, Inc.
(ISSN 0028-6583). Item g. Second class postage paid at Washington, DC and additional mailing offices. Indexed in Readers' Guide.

Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies and changes of address to Subscription Service Department, The New Republic, P.O. Box 705, Whitinsville, MA 01588. **Unsolicited manuscripts are welcome, but cannot be considered or returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.**

Cover: Billy Graham. Courtesy of the District of Columbia Public Library. Article on page 28.

Staff

Editor—*Martin Peretz*
Publisher—*Robert J. Myers*
Managing Editor—*Michael Kinsley*
Literary Editor—*Jack Beatty*
Executive Editor—*Morton M. Kondracke*
Senior Editor—*John Osborne*
Politics Editor—*Ken Bode*
Staff Writer—*Stephen Chapman*
Assistant to the Editors—*Gwen Somers*
Films and Theater—*Stanley Kauffmann*
Poetry Editor—*Robert Pinsky*
Production Manager—*Dorothy Wickenden*
Literary Assistant—*Ann Hulbert*
Production Assistant—*Lisa Derman*
Contributing Editors—*Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Henry Fairlie, Paul Fussell, Joseph Featherstone, Gerald W. Johnson, Nathan Lewin, Roger Morris, Joyce Carol Oates, Paul Robinson, Tad Szulc, Michael Walzer, Leon Wieseltier*
Staff Photographer—*Jeff Vinson*

General Manager and Associate Publisher—*Robert A. Cohen*
Assistant Publisher—*Bart Rubenstein*
Circulation Manager—*Elizabeth Scanlan O'Brien*
Business Manager—*Rhonda Davis Schoem*
Rights and Permissions—*Dara Buckner*
Assistant Business Manager—*J. Kristine Klasman*
Director of Advertising—*Bonnie Perkel, 250 West 57th St, Room 2517, New York, NY 10019 (212) 581-6477*
Advertising Coordinator—*Carol L. Weinman*
Leadership Network Advertising—*Robert F. Sennott Jr., New York (212) 682-4500*
Receptionist—*Ruby McGowan*
Staff Associate—*Robert Howard*
Intern—*Barbara Demick*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

13308 062 2104
QUALITY CONTROL MARK

THE NEW REPUBLIC

July 7 & 14, 1979

Energy Economics

)oes it make sense for the United States government) spend billions of dollars to develop alternative energy)urces that will cost $30 or $40 or $50 for the quivalent of a barrel of oil, when even OPEC will ıpply that oil for only $20 or so? Conventional :onomics says no. We say yes. Conventional :onomics contains much wisdom, and we think this 'isdom often gets short shrift both in government olicy and in the liberal critique of that policy. In recent ıonths we've tried to redress the balance on matters ıch as inflation, oil price decontrol and passenger train ıbsidies. But to rely on private enterprise alone to)lve our energy problem would be an act of piety, not f sound policy.

The relative costs of oil and solar power, or oil and)al conversion, may not make these innovative ptions attractive today, but these relative costs will hange. Simple-minded economic orthodoxy says rivate enterprise can assess these possibilities and take dvantage of them better than the government. But ıis is wrong, even in straightforward economic terms.

First, unless we reduce our dependence on OPEC, the 'orld oil price will continue to rise. As the *New York 'imes* pointed out last week, the true cost of the last few arrels we buy from OPEC—the ones that keep the upply so tight—is not simply the price we pay for those arrels, but the added price this tight supply enables)PEC to charge for *all* the barrels of oil it sells us. The *'imes* estimated this cost, quite reasonably, at $100 per xtra barrel. Oil consumers in general could save this ıuch if they could avoid buying those last few barrels rom OPEC. But no producer of alternative fuel could et that much from any particular consumer on the free ıarket. Therefore it makes perfect sense for society as whole—through its surrogate, the government—to roduce oil alternatives at even $90, and sell them to ıdividuals at the going rate.

There's every reason to hope that research and development will bring dramatic breakthroughs in the costs of one or more alternative energy sources. But it's impossible to know in advance where the breakthroughs will come. Will it be wind power? Solar? Safer nuclear? Geothermal steam? To spend huge sums of money on any one of these is extremely risky. No private corporation, acting rationally, can be expected to do it. But to spend huge sums on *all* of them is not nearly so risky. In fact, depending on how the money is spent, it's a perfectly rational thing to do. Only the government can afford to minimize the risk in massive alternative energy research by pursuing the complete spectrum of alternative energy options, in the reasonable hope that one or another will pay off.

A third reason the free market won't solve our energy problem is that the price of imported oil is not paid in money alone. It may be too strong to say that our desperate dependence on OPEC reduces our sovereignty as a nation; but somehow to say merely that it constrains our foreign policy options fails to comprehend the psychological cost we are paying. Our allies—more dependent, some of them less principled, all of them blaming us (with some justification)—are bending visibly further. Economists would call this an "external cost" of consuming OPEC oil. Like pollution, it is a cost to society as a whole that private markets do not automatically account for. It makes sense to include the cost when comparing oil and other energy sources.

A stiff tax on energy consumption (say a dollar a gallon on gasoline) would impose on each energy consumer the cost he or she is imposing on society. The extra revenue this tax would bring could be used, first, to alleviate the burden on the poor through rebates; and, second, to pay (along with general revenue) for massive government energy research. This is not woolly-minded liberalism; it's practical economics.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Fun Never Stops in Texas

The 66th session of the Texas legislature ended in a paralysis caused by the walkout of 12 Senate "Killer Bees," so not everyone got what he wanted.

The conservative Democratic leadership in the legislature, led by Lieutenant Governor Bill Hobby and House Speaker Bill Clayton, didn't get the split primary they wanted with voting for party presidential candidates preceding selection of state candidates by two months.

And Governor William Clements, the first Republican to hold that job this century, didn't get the California-style initiative and referendum bill that he wanted. Clements watched his pet bill die in the House three times, and he is sufficiently fired about it that he's promised to call a special session of the legislature to take the matter up again, "at a time of maximum inconvenience to the legislators."

Hobby and Clayton let it be known that if Clements could warm to their idea of a split primary—presidential voting on March 11 and a state primary in May—they might come around on the initiative deal. The consequences of initiative and referendum in Texas are unpredictable, but the consequences of a same-day primary are predictable indeed with Connally, George Bush and Ronald Reagan waging a pitched battle on the GOP side. Conservative Democratic voters would cross over in droves to get a piece of that action, leaving the haunches of their duly elected incumbent legislators badly exposed. Then moderate and liberal Democrats would be left to nominate state candidates on the Democratic ticket. Democratic candidates normally are shoo-ins in November.

If this all comes to pass, it will amount to a political revolution in Texas, because Tory Democrats will almost certainly lose the control of the state legislature that they've enjoyed for generations. This time the loss could be permanent, because the next legislature is the one slated to redraw district lines after the 1980 census.

Both political parties in Texas, along with George Bush and Ronald Reagan, are opposed to the split primary scheme. But Governor Clements has a soft spot for the idea of an early regional primary in the Southwest, with several states voting on the same day. Clements envisions a Sunbelt energy primary to offset expected energy-related voting trends in New England at about the same time.

So Hobby and Clayton have designated themselves ambassadors of the regional primary scheme and set out to gin-up interests among governors and legislative leaders in Georgia, Oklahoma, Arkansas, New Mexico, Alabama and Louisiana.

Jimmy Carter's strategists have decided that he too needs an early shot in the region of his greatest political strength—also to offset probable New England results. So, at this writing, it is likely that there will be March 11 primaries in Florida, Alabama and possibly Georgia—coinciding with the date that Connally, Hobby ar Clayton have selected for Texas. Also, Oklahoma scheduled to hold its precinct caucuses on that da There is still the possibility that Clements will yield pleas from conservative Democrats to add Texas.

If the split primary system ever passes in Texas wit a March 11 date for presidential voting, liber Democrats can put off their plans to take over sta government. Also, John Connally will get the ear face-off with Ronald Reagan in friendly territory th he wants so badly. Connally figures this would be ha in the barn, and he's right.

Why they won't keep on truckin'.

Truck Stop

Strikes by independent truckers tend to be messy ar ill-organized. The participants, after all, belong to r formal union. But nevertheless they usually get a lot attention. This is partly due to the truckers' fondne for using firearms and other forceful means to ensu the cooperation of their colleagues: when drivers sta getting shot at on the interstates, the public ordinari will sit up and take notice. It is partly due to a natur empathy: motorists who are frustrated at the high co and short supply of gasoline find it easy to identify wit truckers who are frustrated at the high cost and sho supply of diesel fuel. And it is partly due to the painfu effects of a truck strike. The current strike bega officially at 11:59 p.m. on June 20, but some trucke had stopped working and started blockading truc stops several days before that. By the official startin date crops were already rotting in fields across th South because farmers had no way to get them t market. Soon California farmers were plowing unde lettuce and other produce for the same reason. By las week grocery stores in Washington and a few othe cities were reporting scarce supplies of some item (Florida shrimp and Wisconsin cheese, for example) an predicting shortages of meat and other staples if th strike continued much longer. At the end of the week, looked as though it would.

This strike, like the last one in 1974, was catalyzed b fuel problems. Diesel fuel prices have risen more tha 40 percent since January, an increase whose importanc is magnified by the poor fuel economy of the big truck which generally get about four miles per gallon Supplies also have been short in many areas. Som truck stops limit purchases to three dollars or fiv dollars, which doesn't make much of a dent in a truck'

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Correspondence

Friends in deeds

To the editors:

The American Friends Service Committee, like any other organization, has not always used the best judgment and has made mistakes, but we feel that Stephen Chapman's article ("Shot From Guns," *TNR*, June 9) grossly misrepresents us and is, in effect, a caricature. The AFSC utterly opposes the methods of warfare and violence in all their forms in anyone's hands. But we believe, together with the Quaker spiritual leader, Lucretia Mott, that the world cries out not only for peace but for the achievement of social justice.

As early as 1668, William Penn perceived that "True Godliness does not take men out of the world but enables them to live better in it and excites their endeavors to mend it." Today true pacifism takes us into all of the issues cited in the recent article in *The New Republic*.

Many religious leaders, scholars and activist pacifists increasingly recognize that war is not the only form of major violence. We believe that violation of body, mind and spirit is built into oppressive and exploitative political, economic and social institutions as well as into war.

In Latin America, Asia and Africa, AFSC workers have seen institutional violence in the form of dispossession of whole groups of people, resulting in massive poverty, "separate development" which divides families and results in oppressive and discriminatory practices, and "law and order" which suppresses dissent and leads to beating and shooting people who plead for social justice.

One must be reminded that Quakers believe that there is "that of God" or "the Light of Christ" in every person. In that spirit the AFSC has given full endorsement to all human rights specified in the UN Declaration of Human Rights and the UN Covenants that President Carter has signed. We must learn to give as much emphasis to social and economic rights as to political and civil rights. That poses a sharp challenge to western capitalist societies as well as Marxist-Leninist and neo-Marxist socialist societies. If the UN Covenants are not to be pious platitudes, we all must find the way into a process which will result in a changed America and a changed world. We do not consider that we have developed a leftist or Marxist bias or compromised our commitment to nonviolence because we now emphasize social and economic rights as strongly as political and civil. Nor have we opened ourselves to accepting the violence of armed liberation movements or the forcible re-education of hostile or dissident elements in left-wing countries.

What do pacifists do when a country such as Vietnam is accused of gross violations of human rights? We are opposed to any human rights violations in Vietnam, or any other country. Beyond that, we have not diminished our belief that, after the destructiveness that the United States poured on Vietnam, the USA has a moral responsibility to assist with rebuilding that tragic land. We have called consistently for the normalization of US-Vietnamese relations. If the United States could bring itself to take both of these steps, we believe that much of the distress in postwar Vietnam which takes its toll of human rights would be eased. We have given what emergency aid we could. We protested the Vietnamese invasion of Cambodia and the Chinese invasion of Vietnam. We sent staff to develop assistance to the boat people refugees in Malaysia and will promote US sponsorship of more refugees.

There is insufficient space to correct all the errors made by the writer of the June 9 article. But we would note:

We are not "the principal Quaker political organization in the United States," nor do we presume to speak for *all* American Quakers.

We have not adopted a position of "outright support of Hanoi."

We have not unreservedly taken the side of liberation movements in the world.

We have not instituted efforts "on behalf of the PLO." It is much easier to charge that someone works "on behalf of the PLO" or "on behalf of Israel" than to suggest requirements of peace, which only begets abuse from partisans of both sides.

The thrust of AFSC has always been to try to apply the Gospel rather than only discuss it.

Finally, we say if anyone thinks we have abandoned pacifism, come with us, in spirit if not in person, into places where people have fled from both left and right regimes, treat the sick with us, feed the hungry, clothe the naked, help those seeking self-reliance, give books to the victims of censorship, see the misery of the human condition in many parts of the world, and then, in the light of such experiences, face with us the challenge of a pacifist response to injustice and violence. We feel sure that the basic humanity that is in others will join with that in us in seeking a better world for all the children of God, of whatever creed, nationality, race, ethnic background or political persuasion.

We cannot act without risking error and without confronting dilemmas. But we will be engulfed by the judgment of God and history if we do not act out of compassionate concern and the leading of the spirit as we, in our time, are able to discern it.

A fuller response to the article is available from AFSC, 1502 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

Stephen G. Cary
Chairperson, Board of Directors
American Friends Service Committee

To the editors:

As a longtime fellow-traveler of the Quakers, I found Stephen Chapman's article on the AFSC to be an overdue public airing of their obvious double standard on human rights, one which should also include their refusal to condemn the Emergency of Mrs. Gandhi and their inability strongly to oppose apartheid until quite recently.

Yet Chapman in fairness must record the many other programs of the AFSC: their campaigns against local racism in the US (James Reeb, who died at Selma, was working for the AFSC) and against international militarism at the UN, both in New York and Geneva. AFSC's longtime, if quiet, program for disarmament should not be ignored in any total evaluation of their work.

Homer A. Jack
Secretary-General
World Conference on Religion and Peace
New York, New York

The editors welcome correspondence from TNR's readers. Letters intended for publication should include the correspondent's full name, address and telephone number, should be typed double-spaced and held to under 200 words. Longer letters may be abridged due to lack of space.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

100-gallon tank. The current shortage arose out of Iran's two-month shutdown in oil production, but it has been aggravated by the Department of Energy's fuel allocation formula, which guarantees "priority users"—mostly farmers—as much fuel as they need. Some farmers understandably have bought considerably more than they normally use as a hedge against future shortages.

But the diesel shortage would not have been so serious except that it aggravated some of the chronic ailments of independent truckers, which can be blamed mostly on the Interstate Commerce Commission's regulation of the industry. The trucking industry consists of a regulated sector and an unregulated sector. The regulated sector is made up of common carriers, which are authorized to carry specific regulated commodities for anyone, and contract carriers, which are allowed to carry anything, but only for specific customers. These truckers have to get ICC operating certificates, which at least until recently has always been an expensive and protracted process. The unregulated sector consists of private carriage (such as a retail firm hauling its own goods in its own trucks) and carriage of certain exempt goods such as unprocessed agricultural commodities. Only about 40 percent of all commercial truck traffic is now regulated. The independent truckers are individuals who own and operate their own rigs and have no authority to carry regulated commodities. They nevertheless operate in both the regulated and unregulated sectors. Anyone with a truck can carry fresh produce and meat, and this traffic is handled almost entirely by independent truckers. An independent trucker also can carry regulated commodities (say, frozen orange juice instead of fresh orange juice) by "trip-leasing" the operating license of a common carrier. In fact some firms which hold operating rights to carry certain commodities over certain routes actually run few or no trucks of their own, but simply charge independent truckers for the use of the certificates. Normally the independent has to pay at least 25 percent of his fee to the certificate holder, sometimes more. An independent trucker who has carried an unregulated cargo from the farm to a city normally won't be able to find anything unregulated to carry on the way back. His only choice in most cases is to lease someone else's certificate to carry some regulated commodity, or to drive back empty. That's why the certificate holder can extort such a large shar of his revenue.

The increase in the price of diesel fuel hit independent truckers particularly hard because of the restrictions on hauling regulated commodities. First it mad driving home empty even more expensive. The cost o an empty return trip, after all, is made up mostly of th cost of fuel. But it also made trip-leasing even les profitable than before. Rates for carrying regulate goods are fixed by regional rate bureaus under th supervision of the ICC, and they didn't increase as fue prices increased. Certificate holders who lease thei routes to independent truckers naturally weren' affected by the price rise, since they weren't the one buying diesel fuel: the cost increase, at least in the shor run, had to come out of the pockets of the men doin the actual driving. (Prices on unregulated commodities by contrast, aren't fixed by rate bureaus; hence they ca rise or fall in response to changes in costs an competitive pressures. In practice they are generall lower than rates for regulated goods.

In an effort to get the truckers back on the road, th Carter administration has made some concessions DOE canceled the regulation giving farmers preferenc in diesel sales, thus easing the shortage on the high ways. The ICC raised the fuel surcharge it allows o regulated rates (first instituted three weeks ago) fro six to seven percent. Addressing another perennia complaint, the White House urged those states wit relatively low maximum load laws (intended to protec highways from wear and tear) to bring their rules i line with the 80,000-pound maximum permitted b most states. Neither of these White House action satisfied the truckers. They complained that th increased fuel surcharge still wasn't high enough, an that the federal government should withhold highwa funds from states with low weight limits.

The truckers also complain bitterly about the 5 mile-per-hour speed limit that the federal governmen imposes on all the states. But the limit, now almost six years old, has widespread support from everybody else and there is no chance it will be changed. The truckers know this, and say it is not the most important of thei demands. Most truck drivers already circumvent the 5 mile-per-hour limit through the use of citizens ban radios and radar detection devices.

The administration's most ambitious recent attempt to ease the plight of the independent truckers went relatively unnoticed, partly because it won't bear fruit anytime soon. On June 21 President Carter announced his proposal for deregulating the trucking industry, a proposal that closely resembles the trucking bill offered by Senator Kennedy. Carter's bill would help independent truckers in several ways. It would permit them to carry anything they want on return trips, thus giving them an alternative to trip-leasing. It would eliminate the circuitous route requirements that many operating certificates carry, thus permitting the driver to take the

Summer Schedule:

This is a combined issue. *TNR* will not publish next week (July 14).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nost direct (and hence cheapest) route from one point o another. It would permit carriers to haul any ommodities. It would make it easier for newcomers to nter the market. And it would allow truckers to raise ›r lower their rates (within certain limits) without ICC pproval.

But Carter's proposal doesn't have the support of all he independent truckers. One of the organizations nvolved in the strike, the Independent Truckers \ssociation, supports deregulation. One of its original lemands was that the ICC lift all restrictions on arriage of regulated goods for 90 days. (The ICC, vhich has taken some commendable steps toward leregulation on its own, so far has refused this equest.) "We want to be allowed to carry anything, vithout having 25 to 50 percent of the revenue kimmed off," says an ITA spokesman. "As things stand ıow, we're nothing but sharecroppers." The truckers upporting deregulation want to achieve the status of ndependent farmers. But some of the truckers would ather become landlords. The Fraternal Association of ›teel Haulers, one of the other sponsors of the strike, vants independents to have the authority to fix rates nd control entry, which is what the existing egulatory structure permits regulated carriers. But if 'ASH has its way, there will have to be another class of harecroppers to replace the independent truckers. :xpanding the current system to cover all of trucking vould help only those inside while victimizing those ıutside. No one should know that better than the ndependent truckers.

Stephen Chapman

A Middle East primer.

Advice for Bob Strauss

Robert Strauss, the Houston lawyer, former Democratic party treasurer and chairman, President Carter's former political consultant, chief inflation fighter and special trade negotiator, is visiting the Middle East this week, officially beginning his new assignment as the president's special peace negotiator. I wish him well, but with advice, as follows:

You are leaving behind the easy work, Mr. Strauss, even if you have been cleaning the Augean stables, when you start trying to make real peace in the Middle East. Inflation, party politics and international trade have nothing to compare with the intricacy, passion and seeming inexorability of the problems besetting the Mideast. President Carter, Prime Minister Begin and President Sadat have done the huge service of injecting hope into the task of peacemaking—at least for the American, Israeli and Eygptian people—but they have left the hardest work yet to be accomplished.

The Camp David accords ended the state of war between Egypt and Israel and provided a framework for negotiations on autonomy for Palestinian Arabs in the West Bank and Gaza. But they did not produce full peace between the Egyptians and the Israelis, they did not define the future of the West Bank and they aroused a mighty wrath in the Arab world. The Arabs believe Israel intends never to retreat from the West Bank or grant full political rights to the 1.5 million Arabs who live there. Now the Begin government in Israel—whether as a negotiating tactic or from full conviction—is asserting claims over the territories which justify in retrospect the Arabs' worst suspicions. The Arabs are ostracizing Egypt and traditional US allies in the Arab world are acting stand-offish. Egypt is reasonably relaxed about the situation so far, but sooner or later Anwar Sadat is bound to feel internal pressure to get important concessions for the Palestinians or consider slowing down the peacemaking process with Israel.

So your task, Mr. Strauss, since you have chosen to accept this job, is to keep the Israeli-Egyptian peace process in motion and expand it by producing a new agreement that will somehow satisfy Palestinian aspirations for self-determination—and thereby win support from the other Arabs besides Egypt—while at the same time insuring Israel's right to live in peace and security. Some will say you have been given a Mission Impossible—and with an American election year impending at that. But I take some heart that President Carter has assigned his toughest, shrewdest, most experienced and least ideological negotiator to the task, and that he has given you, apparently, wide authority to cajole and bargain.

Your first priority, on this initial trip to the Middle East, should be to listen deeply in the countries you visit—not just to what government officials say, but to what they mean and what their people yearn for. In Israel, the Begin government is putting forth demands which, were they fulfilled, would virtually guarantee the eternal enmity of the Arab world. Begin says there will be no independent Palestinian state, ever; that a Palestinian self-governing authority can have limited rule over Arab people, but not over the land or the water. The Begin government is asserting the right of Israelis to seize privately owned Arab land for Jewish settlements that are to be governed by Israeli law, rather than Arab. The Begin government is asserting that its claims to sovereignty over the West Bank and all Jerusalem are justified by the Bible. It's true that the autonomy plan is a concession on Begin's part and that his line hardened after the Arabs denounced Camp David. Still, Begin's policy is too much even for Defense Minister Ezer Weizman and Foreign Minister Moshe Dayan to swallow, and they are scarcely doves.

It's not clear whether the Begin claims are (as some

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Israeli government officials insist) merely maximalist initial negotiating positions, to be retreated from in the course of hard bargaining in the autonomy talks, or whether they represent the true, immutable ambitions of the Likud government. Annexation of the West Bank and Gaza—which is to say, permanent subjugation and domination of the Palestinians living there—is a traditional aim of Begin's Herut party. It is not, however, the traditional aspiration of the Israeli people or of the Zionist movement. What the Israelis want primarily is security and acceptance by their Arab neighbors. To achieve security, Israel will have to retain military control of some portion of the West Bank. To achieve acceptance, it will have to give up the greatest portion, and I think most of the Israeli people—the vast majority—acknowledge this. They do not want to give land and security away easily. They want to bargain fiercely and make the Arabs prove their peaceful intentions. But if the Arabs do prove it, the Israeli people eventually will agree to withdraw. But the Israelis always will insist—and justifiably—on some permanent Jewish settlements in the area.

As you visit and listen in the Arab world, I hope you will find enough willingness to accept Israel to make further peace agreements possible. The Saudis and Jordanians claim that Israel and the West have deeply misunderstood the Arab reaction to Camp David, as enunciated at Baghdad. Rather than denouncing peace, these Arabs say, the Baghdad manifesto complained that Camp David did not produce *enough* peace—that is, the comprehensive peace that President Carter originally claimed to be seeking. It's true that Arabs and westerners often have trouble understanding one another, but if there are genuinely deep pro-peace currents running in the Arab world, we think the Arabs should find ways to communicate them better than they are doing. What we hear, what Israel hears and what Anwar Sadat hears, too, is hatred and enmity.

This is especially true of the Palestinian national movement. Periodically, Yasser Arafat gives an interview in which he claims the PLO will be satisfied with an independent state confined to the West Bank. As soon as the interviewer makes the message public, however, Arafat disowns it and reasserts the PLO ambition to destroy Israel. Listen carefully, Mr. Strauss, to the Palestinians, especially in the West Bank, for signs of peaceful intent. You must understand also that moderate ones may be afraid to talk; they get killed by extremists if they do. There's nothing wrong with covert US contacts with the PLO in Beirut and elsewhere, but there's no basis—so long as the PLO is not willing to declare its willingness to live at peace with Israel—for open US negotiations with the PLO.

It is also important to understand what the Arabs really want for the Palestinians. Their formal, public demand is for a fully independent state, but the moderate Arabs actually want something much more constrained than that: a homeland that will be dependent politically and financially on the Arab world, and subject to its discipline. The Arabs pay tribute and homage to Palestinian nationalism, but they actually seem to want a place where it will be quarantined. Maybe there is a long-range joint Israeli-Arab interest here.

Beyond listening to the parties, Mr. Strauss, it is important that you be clear about US interests in the Middle East. Israel's security and survival is a paramount interest. Israel is the only stable, democratic, pro-western nation in the Middle East. But US interests do not begin and end with Israel's interests, and the US is not obliged to define its interests as the government of Israel sees them. The US needs good relations with other Arab countries—without them, there will be little chance of more agreements. The US has an interest in minimizing Soviet influence in the area. And the US has an interest in maintaining its oil supplies from the Middle East. We do not want radicalism to spread in the region, as it will if US policy is either too accommodating toward rejectionist demands or is so rigid that it extinguishes signs of moderation.

Out of consideration of US interests and the aspirations of both the Israelis and moderate Arabs, you may be able to devise a long-term aim for American policy that will work. It is possible, just possible, that Israel and the Arabs could agree to move gradually toward a self-governing, autonomous Palestinian entity on the West Bank—demilitarized, and with gradually decreasing Israeli military presence, to provide for Israel's protection. Such an entity presumably would exist under Jordanian sovereignty in the beginning, but it's not necessary to rule out eventual independence, if and when it was clearly established—say 15 years hence—that the state would agree to live peacefully with Israel and its other neighbors.

I wouldn't recommend that you commit yourself to this or any other particular formula for eventual settlement of the Middle East dilemma, though you should have some goal in mind toward which to work. There are at least three strategies available for reaching the goal. One is piecemeal, as suggested by the Camp David accords. Another is territorial, as recommended by the Israeli Labor party. The third is comprehensive, as suggested by the Arabs. You should pursue all of them at once.

On one level, the US should be working toward agreement on an interim autonomy plan as envisioned in the Camp David agreement. According to the pact, elections are to be held next spring for a Palestinian self-governing authority. The authority would operate for five years, after which negotiations would commence on the long-term future of the West Bank and Gaza. The authority's powers are the subject of negotiations that have just begun between Israel and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

gypt, and which are getting nowhere. Israel is seeking ıe narrowest limits on the authority's powers, while gypt is seeking a wide writ. So far, no Palestinians ave indicated they are willing to take part in the talks, ıd Jordan also is boycotting them.

The task of the United States in these talks is to work ıt compromises that will attract Jordanian and alestinian support. For example, Israel wants its ilitary government to retain full authority over land ıd water on the West Bank and for Israelis to have nlimited rights to settle there. Egypt wants the self-overning authority to control land development and ater rights, and wants the Israelis to stop settling. The S can work for a split difference: the Palestinian ıthority can control all privately held Arab land and a ercentage of public land, and Israel can control the emaining public land. The Israelis ought to have the ght to establish settlements, but only on public land, nly in limited quantities and only to enhance Israeli ecurity. Right now only the Israelis determine who can rill for precious water, and they usually deny ermission to Arabs. The authority clearly should be ıared by a joint water board.

Another key point of contention is security control of ıe area. Israel wants to retain full police authority, hile Egypt wants a Palestinian police authority. A ood compromise would be to let the Palestinians have ıeir police force, phased in in size, with the under-anding that if it failed to keep order, Israeli authorities ırely would move in to establish one of their own. ompromising on the powers for the self-governing ıthority would not necessarily determine the out-ome of negotiations in five years on the long-term ıture of the West Bank, but if significant powers were ranted to the authority and it governed effectively, rael well might be satisfied enough with the outcome) extend autonomy and make it indefinite.

Officials of the Israeli Labor party doubt that ıtonomy plans will work. Actually, some think they ill work too well, and lead to a Palestinian state.)thers think the Palestinians never will agree to any ıtonomy plan, either out of fear of the PLO or because was negotiated for them by Egypt and Israel. The abor party favors returning to the strategy of rritorial settlement with Jordan: that is, offering ordan the bulk of the West Bank in return for a peace eaty. There are two things wrong with this approach.)ne is that Labor is not in power in Israel and has no ıance to gain power until 1981. The other is that ordan's King Hussein was unwilling to accept only ortions of the West Bank when they were offered to im, and shows no inclination now of changing his ind.

There is not much hope for immediate adoption of a rritorial plan, but while you are talking to Hussein, yria's Assad and the Palestinians, there is no harm in ıcouraging them to think about it, even as they try to onvince you to strive for "comprehensive settlement" involving creation of a Palestinian state. There are opportunities here for playing parties off against one another. Progress toward significant autonomy for the Palestinians might make Jordan and Syria interested in being the West Bank's sovereign overseer. Interest from Syria might prod Jordan. Jordan's interest might make Israel more forthcoming about autonomy.

Allen Weinstein Statement

In April 1978 *TNR* printed an article by Allen Weinstein, author of *Perjury*, the latest book about the Alger Hiss case. That article was Weinstein's response to an attack on his book by Victor Navasky, editor of *The Nation*. Navasky's attack relied on statements made to Navasky by Sam Krieger.

Weinstein has now provided us with the following statement:

"In my article in the April 29, 1978, issue of *The New Republic*, I stated:

> *The third recanter is Sam Krieger. He too is on tape, and his words are also quoted verbatim, where they appear in* Perjury, *from the two interviews in 1974. Krieger denies having told me that he posed as Clarence Miller during the Gastonia, N.C., textile strike, and later fled to the Soviet Union. But I never say in the book that* he *told me that. I learned these crucial facts from FBI documents and from conversations with two people who had been contacted by an emigré Russian woman whose mother had lived with 'Clarence Miller' in the Soviet Union during the 1930s. In 1975, this woman visited Krieger and identified him as Clarence Miller.*

"These statements about Sam Krieger were erroneous.

"A Communist Party organizer named 'Clarence Miller' was involved in events referred to in the portion of the article quoted above. Although Mr. Krieger did use the name 'Clarence Miller' as a pseudonym in the Communist Party in the 1920's, Mr. Krieger was not the 'Clarence Miller' who was involved in the Gastonia strike; nor was Mr. Krieger involved in any way in the Gastonia strike; nor did Mr. Krieger later flee to the Soviet Union; nor did the emigré Russian woman referred to in my April 28, 1978, article ever visit Mr. Krieger or identify him as Clarence Miller or as anyone, as I believed when writing the article; nor did Mr. Krieger retract any statement previously given me.

"I regret any distress caused Mr. Krieger by this misidentification and by the statements in *TNR* article quoted above.

"/s/ Allen Weinstein"

The New Republic also regrets any distress caused Mr. Krieger by this misidentification and by the statements in *TNR* article quoted above.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It will take one hell of a negotiator to bring any of this about. You will have to be oily, devious and most of all, very tough. The Begin government will not want to budge, and it will employ its considerable resources in election-year America to thwart you. Your being Jewish may help you survive the battering, but it won't lessen the blows if you really mean to get Israel to give. One thing that will make your task easier is the public relations disaster that Menahem Begin's policies are causing in the United States.

At the same time, you are going to have to get very tough with the Arabs, and that is hard for Americans, who usually don't understand how Arabs think. The Carter administration, in particular, finds it difficult to induce Saudi Arabia, Jordan and Syria to do anything they do not want to do. They opposed Camp David, and he is unable to bring them around. You will have to do better, using a combination of promises, snake oil and threats, if necessary. I do not envy you your mission. Its requirements go beyond diplomacy. They may well require magic. But the rewards will be great. You can win a Nobel Peace Prize. More important, you can achieve peace.

Morton Kondracke

ADA's slogan is: Anybody But Carter (Except Brown).

Dumpsters Convention

There is an old political cliché which holds that liberals, told to get up a firing squad, instinctively form a circle. Many think that's what went on at the Americans for Democratic Action convention the weekend of June 23, when it resolved to deny Jimmy Carter renomination and "create an irresistible national mandate" for Senator Edward Kennedy to seek the presidency. Joe Rauh, a longtime spokesman for the country's most prominent liberal organization, stated the reasons: "We oppose an election in 1980 between two Republicans. The country deserves the right of choice and if we don't do something now, we're going to get a non-race." Pulitzer Prize winning historian Arthur Schlesinger Jr. fleshed-out the bill of particulars against Carter in his keynote address. (See page 14.) In effect, this group agrees with Henry Fairlie that the Carter administration is the governing wing of the Republican party.

The ADA resolution describes Carter's record as one of "broken promises, abandoned principles," and a "thoroughgoing desertion of the 1976 platform." Many of these folks also are against Carter because they are convinced that he will be so unpopular that he migl take some endangered Democratic liberals over the sic with him—senators like George McGovern of Sout Dakota, John Durkin of New Hampshire, John Culv of Iowa, Gary Hart of Colorado, and Frank Church Idaho. As the ADA met, the latest Gallup soundin were released, showing Democrats favoring Kenne over Carter, 52 percent to 17 percent. The Ne Hampshire Democratic party has produced a stuc purporting to show that with Carter at the head of th ticket, the rest of the Democrats would lose *at lea* 15,000 votes, enough to cause their defeat.

Despite what seems to be a growing Democrat party consensus that Jimmy Carter was a mistake th still can be rectified, columnists and commentato generally used the occasion to remind ADA that it ha been through the same convulsions before, notably i 1948 when it voted to dump Truman and draft Dwigh Eisenhower (who declined the honor) and in 196 when the target was Lyndon Johnson. Slipping in personal view, *Washington Post* columnist David Brod characterized ADA liberals as self-deluding ma contents, "roundheeled for the celebrity superstars the political screen," who would be charging Kenne with betrayal if they ever managed to get him electe

Nineteen forty-eight offers some interestin parallels, but they aren't much help in understandin the current liberal state of mind. The 1968 experience more instructive. Among those involved in the dum Johnson movement that year—including some wh now hold Carter appointments—memories converg on one point of agreement: the first principle settle was that LBJ had to go. They might later fin themselves backing George McGovern, Robe Kennedy, Eugene McCarthy or someone else, bu never Johnson or anyone associated with him. Th moral imperative of the Vietnam War facilitated tha consensus, and that's precisely the sort of judgmer many ADA-type liberals are not prepared to render o Carter today. They want Teddy, but they don't want t leave Jimmy so badly scarred in the process that the can't take him back later as the lesser of two evils. Afte a decade of flagellation for having beaten Hube Humphrey and elected Richard Nixon, some liberals ar beginning to believe that's the way it really happene so they want to leave a loophole.

But, Oh! How they want Teddy! He is their firs choice, and for most of the ADA delegates the onl argument was over whether they should signal that h is their *only* choice. Teddy restores a sense of order t the liberal political universe. He touches all the Ne Deal, Fair Deal, Great Society voting blocs. Unlik Carter, he thinks the Democratic party is an entit worthy of respect, attention and probably even som damn patronage now and then. And they're convince that Teddy can win, despite polls showing Kennedy ou of step with majority opinion in the country on man issues, including liberal totums. Even if Presiden

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dward Kennedy didn't restore big-spending beralism, his domestic and military priorities would oubtless be more progressive than Jimmy Carter's.

The biggest fear among these people who devoted he last and best weekend of spring to the bars and orridors of the Mayflower Hotel is that Teddy won't un. Many admit they personally don't want him to, but hey're afraid of what they'll get if he doesn't. In other vords, if Teddy remains coy through the autumn or ven into the early primaries as some scenarios have it, *hen* issues a Sherman-like statement, it will be too late or anyone else to get in.

To these folks, anyone else includes Mo Udall, Gaylord Nelson or John Culver, any of whom most ADA liberals would support over Carter, none of vhom they believe is anxious to inherit the mantle rom Teddy. One Carter political operative confides, "If Teddy doesn't run, he's doing us a big favor by keeping he rest of these guys on hold." Who the liberals are eally afraid they'll be stuck with is Jerry Brown. Brown s obviously the president's most likely Democratic hallenger, but most of those involved in draft-Kennedy, dump-Carter activities around the country re for Kennedy over Carter, but Carter over Brown. That is where the present mood differs strikingly from 968.

There is a persistent, simplistic litany about Jerry Brown that is repeated in liberal circles. He has no rinciples. He's unpredictable. He's politically ex-edient. He's a guy who follows the polls. He's verywhere and he's nowhere. "There are two things I ke about Jerry Brown," quipped a union official who's een on the front lines of labor skirmishes with the White House: "his face." The two items of evidence ffered for this assessment are Brown's minuet about roposition 13, first opposing then embracing the nitiative slashing property taxes; and, of course, his ndorsement of a constitutional amendment to balance he budget. Some also think that both personally and olitically he's too quirky to be president. He may be ble to roll up a reelection margin of 1.5 million votes in California, but the rest of the country isn't ready yet for he whole Jerry Brown show. Brown had almost no upport at the ADA meeting. ADA's California chapter s so anti-Brown that its members endorsed his Republican opponent Evelle Younger in 1978 on the rounds that they had an obligation to save the country rom Brown's bid for the presidency in 1980.

Knowing that if the choice is narrowed to Carter ersus Brown, many of the ADA liberals will become oyalists, the Carter administration is inclined to turn he other cheek, for now. A presidential adviser puts it his way: "There are a lot of people in ADA who agree vith Jimmy Carter on education, housing, aid to cities, nemployment, social security, hospital cost contain-ment and welfare reform. They approve of SALT, hodesia, the Middle East and human rights. They're ad about decontrol of gas and oil, but they liked the president's first energy program, the one emasculated by Congress. The budget stunned them, but, once again, we wound up working side by side to save it on the Hill. The ADA may be for Kennedy now, but they'll also be up here meeting with us twice a week on policy, so the lines will stay open." Jimmy Carter is obviously learning his politics, but then he got his start in 1974 and 1975 by conning liberals, and he knows that when the ADA leaped aboard the dump-Carter bandwagon in its present, ambivalent state of mind, the vehicle went a little weak in the axles.

White House political strategists break into two camps in their evaluations of Jerry Brown. They're pretty sure Brown is planning to run and perhaps to announce very soon. Some think the contrast in characters between the two men is just what Jimmy Carter needs right now to repair his own political fortunes—that Brown is so far out of step with the civic religion of the country that he could never be nominated, let alone elected. They also note that Brown is especially weak, even disdained, among activists and party leaders, the cadres whose support is most important in nominating contests. Iowa is the nation's first caucus state. It's a place where Jimmy Carter is notoriously weak and draft-Kennedy activity is well underway. When Robert Fulton, former Iowa lieutenant governor and one of the state's most widely respected Democrats, called a press conference to renounce the balanced budget amendment, he added this gratuitous slam: "It must be a bad idea. It was endorsed by our party's leading whore." In Democratic circles both to the left and the right of Jimmy Carter, it's now fashionable to slam Jerry Brown.

On the other hand, some White House strategists recall Carter's string of 1976 primary defeats too vividly to underestimate Brown's potential in 1980. One of them says, "Jerry Brown has body heat. He's the sort of candidate who could be 20 points down in the polls on Friday, blitz the state over the weekend and hand you your ass on Tuesday."

For weeks, with draft-Kennedy activity going on in a dozen states and the two principals clashing in Washington, the best political show in town has been the undeclared contest between Ted Kennedy and Jimmy Carter. Meanwhile, back in Iowa, there has been an interesting development in the *Des Moines Register*'s statewide poll. Over the period of a few months, Jerry Brown moved from three percent to 12 percent among Democrats and his support is holding—it's not just a blip on the index. In that time, Jerry Brown has not set foot in Iowa, never made a political overture that anyone's aware of. Kennedy is the favorite, of course, leading Carter 40 percent to 17 percent, but if Kennedy's name is removed, Brown jumps to 20 percent, ranking as Carter's leading challenger. Who are these Iowans who don't know or don't care about Prop. 13, the balanced budget or Linda Ronstadt?

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Well, you see, last Christmas, that same Iowa poll showed that 34 percent of all adult Iowans professed to believe in Santa Claus, a figure which translates into 660,000 citizens old enough to vote, drive cars and bear arms. Who knows? Maybe Iowa is the sort of place where Jerry Brown could get a foothold.

There, you see how easy it is to take a gratuitous pok at Jerry Brown. Nothing to it at all.

Ken Bod

Who Needs Grover Cleveland?

(Excerpts from the keynote speech at the ADA convention, June 23, in Washington, DC.

At this convention of the longest-lived liberal organization in American history, the question on the table is: what do we think about Jimmy Carter? And what do we propose to do about him?

I am in general sympathy with President Carter's instincts in foreign policy. I think he is right on detente—and that he deserves all liberal support in the fight for ratification of SALT II. I think he is right on the human rights campaign—and that he deserves all liberal support in the promotion and execution of that campaign. I think he is right in his policy of international restraint: in refusing to send American force to "save" the shah in Iran, for example. He is right on Panama and right on China and right on the Middle East. These are all pretty crucial issues to be right about.

I often wish his administration was as competent in carrying out policies as it is high-minded in proposing goals. The president seems to lack much feel for the realities and sensitivities of other countries. I won't dwell on Mexico—anyone can have a bad day and speak loosely about whipping Montezuma's ass, or whatever it was. It is harder to overlook President Carter's misconceptions about Iran, the country he described on New Year's day, 1978 as an "island of stability." That was the night he marvelled at the "love" the Iranian people had for their shah. Such misconceptions, stubbornly entertained against expert advice, led us to stick by the shah far too long and thereby encouraged the radicalization of Iran; just as the administration's undue tolerance of Somoza, against the advice of our friends in Venezuela, Costa Rica and Mexico, has so effectively encouraged the radicalization of Nicaragua.

The argument that we owe something to these foreign tyrants is ridiculous. Neither the shah nor Somoza ever took an action on behalf of the United States at any sacrifice of his own power or wealth. The accompanying argument that, because we did not stand by the shah, no foreign leader will trust us in the future is equally ridiculous. The fate of the shah is a signal to foreign leaders that those among them who oppress their own people and misuse, squander and steal American assistance cannot expect unconditional American support. I cannot imagine a healthier message to send to foreign potentates around the planet.

Still, for all such defects in insight and execution, President Carter has not done at all badly in foreign policy. He has not, for example, wrought a Bay of Pigs, as my own administration did—though it may be that we had a greater capacity to learn from our mistakes. In any event, the president has earned a better than passing grade in the conduct of foreign affairs. Yet even where he is right, he seems somehow to lack the skill—even perhaps the interest—required to build domestic support for his international positions. On issue after issue on which he has had the better case, from the Panama Canal to SALT, he has surrendered the initiative and allowed himself to be thrown mysteriously on the defensive.

This is, I fear, part of a larger failure, one that applies to domestic as well as to foreign policy: the failure to understand that politics is ultimately an educational process. President Carter is a highly intelligent man. But his is the intelligence of an engineer, not that of a political leader. If the blueprint is clear to him, it ought to be, he evidently feels, instantly accepted by everyone else, especially when vouched for by a man of his superior moral rectitude. He seems indifferent to the responsibilities of explanation and persuasion, irritated by doubt and disagreement and uncomprehending of the role of Congress a the constitutional partner in formin national policy. And he seems bored b speech-making, though every grea president we have had this century ha known that the speech is the mos effective means within a president power to let the people know th direction in which he thinks the republi should move.

This leads to the deeper question: i what direction does President Carte think the republic should move? No on had any doubt about the direction i which the great Democratic leaders c this century—Bryan and Wilso Roosevelt and Truman, Stevenson, th Kennedys and Johnson, Humphrey an McGovern—wanted to take the cour try. They recognized that change is th law of life and that the fulfillment c American values requires the reform c American institutions. They were ir novators, who understood that exper ment, not dogma, is the way to progres They had a vision of a fair and equitabl society and used affirmative goverr ment as the means to achieve wide freedom and justice and especially t give the poor and the powerless a decen chance in American life.

Each of these leaders pursued thi vision in the context of his times. FDI pursued it in a setting of depression an unemployment. Today President Carte faces domestic questions quite as fun damental and as intractable as th questions FDR faced in the 1930s notably the questions of inflation an energy.

No one really knows how to deal wit these questions. The conservatives hav their cherished remedies. For inflatior induce an economic slowdown an throw millions of people out of work thereby placing the burden of the wa against inflation on those least equippe to bear it. For energy: decontrol o prices, thereby increasing inflation an oil company profits. Obviously gasolin prices must rise somewhat; American have no divine right to pay half as muc for gas as Europeans do. But after point, when supply falls so far short c

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

emand that rationing becomes inevitable, rationing by price is the most nfair form a ration system can possibly ake—and rationing by price places the urden of the energy war on those least quipped to bear it.

The Carter administration's remedies re based on the theory that we can best ope with our problems by turning them ver to the private market and keeping ne government out of it. This is the onservative theory. It is the establishent theory. It is the Republican theory.

Actually we liberals have not done too ell with these problems either. John enneth Galbraith said as long ago as 952, "Inflation, more than depression, I egard as the clear and present economic anger of our times and one that is otentially more destructive of the alues and amenities of democratic life." Infortunately all too few liberals lisened. Even liberal economists over the st generation have steadily dismissed nflation as no worse that a bad cold and low price to pay for high employment. hereby liberals foolishly relinquished o the conservatives what should have een our issue. For stable prices *is* a beral issue. It was Franklin Roosevelt who said that the United States needed the kind of dollar which a generation ence will have the same purchasing and ebt-paying power." Instead of waving way inflation as a minor problem, berals should have been thinking hard or a long time about the reasons why ne modern economy has so inbred a ropensity toward inflation, and about ne tough questions involved in contructing a national incomes policy. As or energy, though I am as committed an nvironmentalist as anyone, I wish the ame intellectual concern and esourcefulness that have been expended over the last decade in the cause of nvironmental protection had been xpended in the search for new means oth of economizing energy use and of eveloping alternate energy sources. he liberals do not, alas, come to the sues of inflation and energy with clean ands.

Still I hope that liberals have not orgotten the liberal approach to uestions that perplex the conventional isdom. When depression and mass nemployment baffled the establishent half a century ago, Franklin oosevelt said, "The country needs . . . old, persistent experimentation. It is ommon sense to take a method and try . If it fails, admit it frankly and try nother. But above all, try something." Except for the part about admitting failure frankly, this is what the New Deal was all about. Like the problems of depression and mass unemployment in the 1930s, the problems of inflation and of energy today are not amenable to the everyone-for-himself, devil-take-the-hindmost, private-market solutions favored by the Carter administration. Such remedies exact a fearful social and human cost, and they won't work in the end.

A liberal administration in Washington today—a Democratic administration in the tradition of our great Democratic leaders—would take action to stop inflation by calling for selective direct controls over prices and wages. It would take action to equalize the burdens of energy conservation by proposing a realistic system of gasoline rationing. Moreover, it could do these things in the confidence, attested by the polls, that this is what a majority of Americans want. A wise liberal administration, I will add, would not regard controls and rationing as a permanent answer to the inflation and energy crises. But it would see them as necessary ways to buy time for that process of social invention, innovation and experimentation that is the indispensable preliminary to lasting solutions.

President Carter, challenged by rising prices and declining energy, faced the choice between dogma and experiment, between consigning our problems to the private market and invoking the resources of public action. It is evident that what pretends to be a Democratic administration has deliberately and methodically chosen Republican policies. During his campaign for the presidency, Jimmy Carter catered to cheap prejudice against government action. As president, he has systematically disparaged the role of government in the resolution of our problems. To find a Democratic president as ideologically conservative as Jimmy Carter, you have to go back nearly a century to Grover Cleveland.

This situation creates an interesting impasse for our democratic process. The theory of our presidential elections is that they offer the voters a choice. It turns out that the election of 1976 offered very little in the way of choice. Even in foreign policy, a Ford administration would have gone ahead with the Panama Canal treaties, SALT, China, the Middle East, and would have had an easier time with them. Democrats would have supported such initiatives anyway on their merits, and Republicans would have been harder put to oppose their own president. And on our two major domestic issues Ford and Carter are indistinguishable. The Democratic national chairman tells us that if we oppose Carter's renomination we will elect a Republican president. That is no great threat. The fact is that we elected a Republican president in 1976.

The nation is entitled to a choice in 1980. A choice will not only be better for the health of our democracy. It also will be better for the health of the Democratic party. When a liberal party dedicates itself to carrying out conservative policies, the voters are likely to prefer the genuine article. The Democratic party will never succeed as a timorous, respectable, stand-pat, conservative, private-market, pro-oil company, anti-government party, luxuriating in alibis of public impotence. It will succeed only as it reclaims its heritage—the heritage of concern and reform, of innovation and experiment, of commitment to the poor and the powerless.

Among our contemporary political figures, one man is preeminent as the embodiment and executor of that heritage. Of course, this is Senator Kennedy. He has proven himself a commanding figure in the Congress. The polls show him to be, despite the supposedly conservative temper of our times, the most popular political leader in the nation. He is splendidly qualified for the presidency. But as a friend and associate of his brothers, I must confess deep personal apprehension about his standing for the presidency. He faces a decision of enormous human complexity and risk. We cannot lightly demand that he make this decision; we certainly cannot demand that he make it far in advance of unpredictable political developments. It is a tragedy for the country that this should be the situation; but the fact is that this is a tragic situation. Should events propel Senator Kennedy into the contest, he will receive a national outpouring of support. Should he conclude, as some close to him think he should conclude, not to become a candidate in 1980, the obligation still remains for the liberal movement to provide the Democratic party and the nation a serious choice.

For I cannot as an historian accept the cliche that the republic has taken some profound and irrevocable turn to the right. Our political history demon-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

strates an inherent cyclical rhythm in our public affairs. We customarily go through sessions of action, passion, reform and affirmative government, until the country is worn out. We long for respite and so we enter into seasons of quietism, apathy, cynicism and negative government. We are for the moment in the depressive phase of the cycle. But we will not be in that phase forever.

Recall the political history of the 20th century. The apathetic 1920s succeeded the activist years of Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson; the apathetic 1950s succeeded the activist years of Roosevelt and Truman; the apathetic 1970s succeeded the activist years of Kennedy and Johnson. But two things always happen during these periods of quiescence and stagnation. The national batteries begin to recharge; and the problems we neglect in the years of indifference become acute and threaten to become unmanageable. We can be confident that sometime in the 1980s the dam will break, as it broke at the turn of the century, in the 1930s and in the 1960s. Our sense of adventure will revive. Our blood will start flowing again. There will be a breakthrough into a new political epoch, a new conviction of social possibility, a new demand for innovation and reform, new efforts to redeem the promise of American life. This is the challenge to American liberalism.

Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

The moral equivalent of war requires the moral equivalent of wartime equality.

Socialism and Self-Restraint

by Michael Walzer

The philosophy of *me too* is not hard to understand. Though it has always had its place in social life, especially among the upper classes where competition is most intense, its general force today derives from two related historical tendencies. The first of these is the gradual erosion of social distance and mass deference, and the second is the gradual collapse of lower-class, ethnic and regional cultures. Social distance insulated and protected the elites; class, ethnic and regional culture encapsulated the rest of us, focusing our energies inward and limiting the thrust of our ambitions. As these two disappear, the world of the elites becomes more knowable and more accessible. From far away, the "better" people really looked better; the princess was always beautiful and (from far away) unattainable. Up close, the illusion fades, and the beauty, *savoir faire*, coolness and personal force of the few look like mere artifacts: a little luck, a little muscle, a little polish. If her, why not me?

Is this the triumph of envy and resentment? The loss of all respect for individual merit? Maybe so; but it is also, and more importantly, the triumph of liberalism and capitalism. For these two, reinforcing one another in politics and economy, steadily break down the Chinese walls of class and culture. They turn the world, or at least the country, into a single roadway, and they push men and women from every walk of life into a universal competition, the famous "rat race" in which, as Thomas Hobbes wrote in the 17th century, there is "no other goal, nor other garland, but being foremost," and where:

To consider them behind, is glory
To consider them before, is humility
To be in breath, hope
To be weary, despair
To endeavor to overtake the next, emulation
To lose ground by little hindrances, pusillanimity
To fall on the sudden, is disposition to weep
To see another fall, is disposition to laugh
Continually to be outgone, is misery
Continually to outgo the next before, is felicity
And to forsake the course, is to die.

Caught up in such a race, eyes fixed on the other runners, it is impossible not to see that merit makes only a part of success; it is impossible to miss the role of luck, the pervasive power plays, the ground that can be gained by a little wit, bombast, deception, meanness. Within the limits of the law—for laws are "as Hedges," wrote Hobbes, "not to stop Travellers . . . but to direct and keep them in such a motion as not to hurt themselves by their own impetuous desires"—anything goes, any subterfuge, any strategem that looks as if it might work. Every man runs for himself.

And devil take the hindmost. Or rather, what is commonly recommended to the hindmost is a little proper respect for the faster runners, loyalty to the system and resignation to their own fate. It is a matter of deep concern, then, when they assert themselves instead, organize, and demand higher wages or governmental intervention to alter the outcomes of the race. That's what everyone else does, of course; that's what the power plays are all about; and I expect that envy is often the motive. But when the hindmost do it too, the effect is to heat up the race as a whole.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

veryone has to run faster simply to hold his place, to aintain what are called (in wage negotiations) differentials"—the accustomed distance between unners. It turns out that the whole system really does equire the resignation of "them behind" and even the arefree and shiftless behavior that follows from esignation. The laggard runners are supposed to fool round, waste time talking to one another, occasionally un amuck beyond the hedges of the law, so that the unners ahead of them can feel superior and secure.

When the race does heat up, prices are inflated, oney is devalued, and insecurity spreads from one end f the roadway to the other—though most uncomfor-ably among the middle runners, where the largest umbers are and the jostling for position is hardest. It eels as if all the discomfort is due to the pressure from ehind, and so the cry goes up for restraint: more recisely, for "wage restraint" (or labor discipline). But mong "them behind," and especially those who are "in reath," what possible reasons are there for accepting estraint? The others are strung out over such a long istance, the "differentials" are so great, the late tarters, the plodders, the slow but steady runners have uch a way to go before they rest: why stop now? And if hey slow down, what guarantees do they have that the thers will slow down too and not increase their own dvantage? There are no guarantees, and that's why fficial calls for wage restraint only produce an ntensified scramble, in which those who are able to do o evade or escape the proposed guidelines, and those who can't sullenly submit—and envy the others. If him r her, why not me?

The spectacle is unedifying, and the rat race is ommonly condemned, both by intellectuals who retend to be spectators and by acknowledged (and not nly "weary") participants. Among free men and vomen, unconstrained by birth and blood, by class or ulture, the race may well be a natural system—though he particular circumstances in which we run and the articular goals we seek (wealth and commodities, say, ather than honor and offices) are historically shaped. Certainly the running is exciting; it makes for a release f human energies; it makes for large achievements. At he same time, however, it gives people no goal beyond etting ahead, and that is necessarily a goal that can't be hared with anyone else (except serially: I want to win nd he wants to win, and she wants to win, and so on). n a race one has competitors, not colleagues or omrades. Hence "the loneliness of the long-distance unner." And hence our inability to organize the unners for some cooperative activity.

The race does not, of course, encompass the whole of ur lives or provide the only conception that we have of ocial order. A sign of the race image's power, however, s that when political leaders want to call us to some ommon effort, the first alternative imagery they adopt s that of war—as if only crisis and ultimate danger can vrest the runners from their lonely self-absorption. But there are other reasons why the imagery of war makes a plausible alternative to our everyday racing—reasons especially relevant to contemporary politics. Inflation, environmental pollution, energy waste: all these do indeed call for restraint, and restraint may well require, as President Carter has told us, "the moral equivalent of war." But his call to join the fight has only generated the usual scramble—in large part because he has failed to grasp the full meaning of the metaphor he has adopted. He merely attempted to exploit its hortatory power.

War is a useful image for three reasons: first, because it suggests a common danger; second, because it suggests the need for sacrifice; and third, because it suggests that the sacrifices will be equally, or at least randomly, shared. The last of these is the most important, but let's consider each in turn.

Common danger. Risk-taking in the race is an individual business. The defeat of one runner doesn't significantly affect the others. It disposes them to laugh, perhaps, or nervously pump up their own pace; but it's not a common loss. Military defeat is a common loss, and often one that threatens critical as well as widely held values. So self-defense becomes a collective activity, and in its course we experience feelings of solidarity that are alien to the race and the roadway. We are engaged, as it were, on a new front, where one person's injury or death weakens all the rest.

Sacrifice. On the roadway, sacrifice is not uncommon, but it is narrowly circumscribed by our conceptions of conjugal or parental obligation. "To hold fast by another," wrote Hobbes, "is to love." Sacrifice for a cause or for the sake of one's fellow citizens is hard to imagine, harder to understand. But the solidarity of war creates an emotional climate in which the surrender of self or, at least, of selfishness, is much easier. We can accept austerity without feeling defeated; we can face death without despair. The race produces champions; war produces heroes.

Equality. Danger and austerity will not in fact be shared up and down the roadway, among the rich and the poor, unless the government acts forcefully to reduce the effect of pre-war differentials. The most obvious steps are conscription and rationing, both of which aim at distributing the losses of war with the greatest possible fairness. This is "war socialism," and without it, neither solidarity nor sacrifice would be sustained for long. War socialism is almost always incomplete; it is sometimes fraudulent. The race is never entirely broken off, and individual runners still hustle for large and small advantages. After all, they tell themselves, the war won't last forever. But the hustle is sometimes subject to new constraints, more narrowly fixed than the old hedges. And it is often necessary for the government to hold out the hope that war socialism in one form or another will survive the victory: that the runners will close ranks in a welfare state, that power

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

will be shared by winners and losers.

It is not my intention to make war seem attractive, for it obviously doesn't and shouldn't attract us. I only want to suggest what it means to be summoned, in warlike rhetoric, to solidarity and sacrifice for the common good. My argument is simple: solidarity and sacrifice won't work unless there is also a political equivalent of war socialism. One might argue differently in a society where class lines were rigidly drawn and patterns of deference well established. But not here and now. We are—all of us—connoisseurs of the roadway, and we know better than to hold back while others streak ahead. Short of savage repression, then, there is no way to make restraint compatible with the usual scramble.

Repression, of course, is always an option: the political equivalent of civil war. If we decide that the easiest way to hold down the costs of medical care is to hold down the wages of hospital workers, then we can defeat the new hospital organizing committee. If urban services seem too expensive, we can break the municipal unions. If fuel has to be saved, we can let the costs go up and up, and call the police to deal with the protests of the poor and disadvantaged. If local movements and government protest the location of power plants or the storage of wastes in their vicinity, we can assert the joint authority of capital and the state. This is the way the race was always run, its accumulating costs thrown back onto "them behind." I suspect, however, that the philosophy of *me too* is too widely accepted nowadays for this to be as easy as it once was. The likely victims are too ambitious, too well organized, too ready to fight back. Repression is possible, but it would have to be brutal.

Restraint is better attempted as a cooperative effort. What does that mean? Not that it has to be voluntary, for people won't cooperate unless they are sure that everyone else is cooperating, and only the law can guarantee that. Sacrifice must be, and must be seen to be, fairly distributed. Hence, first of all, the unavoidability of rationing when necessary goods are in short supply: for there is no other way to distribute them fairly. But rationing is the superimposition of a pattern of equality on an underlying inequality. It imposes an equality of (certain) goods on an inequality of income and wealth. The rationing principle does not work when what is at issue is the acquisition of wealth itself. To enforce an "incomes policy" limiting annual increases to, say, seven percent (when inflation is running at 10 or 12 percent) is to impose very different sacrifices on a person earning $50,000 and a person earning $8000. At this point what is called for, if austerity is to be shared, is a reduction of differentials, a policy of redistribution, which might be worked through a strengthening of the welfare system or a rearrangement of the tax system.

This sort of thing is a matter of state action; that's mostly what war is. But it is never fought successfully unless the state acts against a background of patrioti enthusiasm and solidarity. A new spirit of camaraderi must come to shape relations among citizens, reachin its greatest intensity when the common danger i greatest—as among Londoners, for example, durin the blitz. We can expect nothing like that, but it i nonetheless important to look for its politica equivalent. No federal campaign against inflation o energy waste will have any serious impact unless i generates new patterns of cooperation in towns factories, hospitals, apartment houses an neighborhoods. Official plans have to be seconded (bu that also means revised and resisted) by groups o citizens helping themselves and one another– restructuring authority relations, redistributing costs rescheduling work patterns so as to make commo purposes and values more visible than they currentl are. All this requires local initiative and popula participation.

The political equivalent of patriotism and wartim solidarity is civism, the citizen's sense of being participant in a common enterprise. In the writings o contemporary conservatives, civism is frequentl discussed, but it looks like little more than the ideolog through which self-restraint is to be taught to th working class. And then the term invites suspicion because the lesson won't be learned and because i shouldn't be. The resulting social order would not hav the form of a common enterprise. Civism depends upo equality or, at least, upon much greater equality tha we know today. That's why President Carter's call fo domestic struggle (like President Ford's WIN campaign has won so little response. He has not persuade anyone that the sacrifices required for victory will b equally imposed or that they will result in a mor egalitarian society. And if not, why me?

I once thought that the success of the planning stat and the welfare state did not require any challenge t the philosophy of *me too*. Planning and welfare wer simply the rational instruments of individual desires and all that was necessary was to make sure that ever individual's desires were counted, that there were n pariah peoples, no excluded groups, no permanen underclass. And this men and women mostly did fo themselves, in the course of long and often blood struggles for political recognition and equal treatmen by state officials. Solidarity was bred by thes struggles, and was crucial to their success; but the mos general motive was a collective me-tooism, and th most common result was individual success, consume satisfaction, the pursuit of happiness.

New patterns of social cooperation, a deeper equality these lay, I thought, beyond the welfare state, an waited upon its completion. But this vision assumed a infinitely expandable economy, and that looks toda like an implausible assumption. The welfare state ca still include everyone—it had better—but its succes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

may well depend upon everyone's restraint. And restraint depends on civism, and civism depends on equality. The mutual acceptance of limits requires the sharing of what's available within those limits. Without sharing, and without shared decision-making, there won't be acceptance, but only evasion, deceit, the old power plays. That means that it is time, now, to think about restructuring the hierarchies of our everyday lives. For the only alternative is the race and the roadway, where scarcity is likely to make things much uglier, the laughing and the weeping much more bitter, than they have been in a long time.

Now your heart can bleed in the convenience of your own home.

Ideology By Mail

by Deborah Baldwin

Last year about 34 billion form letters, approximately a third of all the mail that passed through the US Postal Service, arrived on American doorsteps. Most of that "junk mail" came from mail-order houses, magazine and book publishers and the like; sales by mail amounted to $83 billion or about 12 percent of all retail sales. But more and more mass mail is selling not products, but causes. The technique is spreading because it works. Millions of Americans of all political stripes are willing—with the proper sort of encouragement—to put their hard-earned money into return envelopes and send it off to a startling number of special interest groups, political campaigns and citizen lobbies.

These types of causes used to be financed by a relatively small group of wealthy sympathizers. That's changed now, for several reasons. Federal election laws now limit individual donations to political campaigns, so candidates must solicit smaller sums from a much larger group of people. Thanks to new postal regulations, they can use the cheap bulk mail rate (2.7 cents per piece) to do so.

The rise of single-issue politics and the atrophy of the stock market have combined to increase the number of causes demanding funds while reducing the number of "angels" willing to pay the bills. Direct mail proselytizes for the cause and raises money at the same time. Public interest groups say it also democratizes the giving process, and adds stability to causes that previously depended on the whims of a few rich people. One such traditional large giver, Stewart Mott, the General Motors heir, has adopted direct mail as one of his causes. He gives front money and provides direct mail expertise to new liberal campaigns that appeal to him. When a direct mail effort works, Mott is freed from repeated pleas for donations.

Another reason for the boom in ideological junk mail is dazzling refinements in the "science" of direct mail. Liberal fundraisers say their potential "universe" of donors ranges from two million to four million. On the right, estimates run as high as six million. The science consists of finding these people, determining which ones will be tempted by a particular cause, and designing a "package" that will move as many as possible to succumb to temptation.

As a science, direct mail is about 500 years behind medicine. It still relies on large amounts of hunch and superstition. Direct mail lore says that mailings do best in January, worst in July. Some believe you have to put a catchy headline or cartoon on the envelope; others swear that an anonymous return address piques people's curiosity and draws bigger returns. Put the message in a "PS" at the bottom of the second page, says a common rule of thumb; that's what people read first. One liberal fundraiser said his clients do best with long, thoughtful letters, in contrast with the conservatives, who go for crackling, passionate prose. Another consultant, who's worked both sides of the street, said that for liberals or conservatives, the key is to "remember the KISS theory—Keep It Simple and Stupid."

The June issue of *Folio*, "The Magazine for Magazine Management," carried a cover story on direct mail billed as a "Freudian Guide" to the direct mail recipient's mind. *Folio*'s guest psychologists, Ted Bartek of *Forbes* and James MacLachlan of NYU's Graduate School of Business Administration, describe the typical experience of the direct mail recipient thus: "A subscription order arrives. . . . The id becomes excited by the

Deborah Baldwin is a Washington-based freelance writer.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

prospect of reading provocative stories, but the superego complains that the stories are not practical. So the ego reads the letter, searching for ways to placate the superego."

I know from experience that cause-oriented direct mail works. I've found myself writing checks to the Kent State Fund, the Coalition to Ban Handguns, Amnesty International and the National Abortion Rights Action League, four of the biggest knee-jerk causes of the 1970s. As a result of this compulsive, if minor, generosity, I'm probably on every list of liberal junk mail suckers around. I've even somehow gotten onto a list of people who send direct mail themselves, so I've been solicited by mail for a company that produces "personalized" direct mail packages. ("Now, Deborah Baldwin, we'll personalize your promotions with up to 72 square inches of ink-jet printed information.")

My dream junk mail package would have bold black type on the outside envelope reading: "Sick of Junk Mail, Debby?" Inside, there would be a compelling, four-page pitch for the Council for the Reduction of Unwanted Mail (CRUM).

If CRUM existed, and wanted my support, it would first have to find me. This wouldn't be hard. Since I've given to other worthy causes, my name is being circulated in the direct mail marketplace. If CRUM has a list of its own past givers, it can get my name and others from, say, the Kent State Fund, by swapping for it. Shortly after I gave $15 to Kent State, I began receiving solicitations from the followers of Karen Silkwood, the Union of Concerned Scientists (nuclear power) and the Greenpeace Foundation (baby seals).

The hottest lists are those that are packed with active, recent donors. These lists will have fewer of the deadbeats and the deceased who have lost interest in getting mail. Some causes will honor a donor's request not to have his or her name traded to other groups, but the best way to keep your name out of circulation—besides not giving at all—is to give an unusually large amount—say, $100 or $250 instead of the usual $15 or $25 that these groups ask for. This generosity practically guarantees that your name will be set aside and protected from rival do-good organizations.

Old lists don't die; they just give birth to new ones. In 1972 direct mail specialist Morris Dees compiled a list of contributors to the McGovern campaign. This is still considered the "mother list" of liberal donors, since it resulted from the first mass effort to get liberals to express their rage against Nixon and the Vietnam War by writing checks. McGovern lost, but his list went on to glory as the basis for building other liberal causes. Now the McGovern list is old and frail. It has shrunk from its peak of 500,000 names, as people have been lost in moves, or died. The names still on the list don't bring as high a percentage response as they used to. "Old lists get tired," one expert said. But the McGovern list has spawned a whole new generation of related lists that are still young and lively.

So many similar causes with their own lists hav sprung up that a cause using borrowed lists risk resoliciting a large chunk of its own membership an soliciting even new people several times. To avoid this computer firms offer a service known as "merge-and purge." For a fee, they will sort out the names o multiple lists to avoid duplication. No one knows fo sure whether repeated solicitations help or hurt cause. It may be like saturation advertising; four letter on behalf of the baby seals may get someone whos heart was not touched by three.

Magazine publishers and political candidates actuall sell their lists through professional list brokers, and bu others. Membership groups like Common Cause an the Sierra Club shy away from the outright merchan dizing of their lists—in the words of one fundraiser "it's tacky"—preferring instead to exchange name with like-minded causes. Do-good groups that swallow their pride and rent their members' names usuall insist that the list broker disguise the source of th names he is selling. List brokers put out catalogues o lists for rent. One 1978 catalogue of lists offered th following collections of knee-jerk joiners, all identifie by pseudonym:

- "All Men Created Equal"—a list of "multipl donors" interested in the "betterment of mankind' (average donation: $25);
- "All the Creatures"—donors who respond t "appeals to alleviate worldwide starvation, child abus and cruelty to animals." ("Mostly women . . . lis performs very well for liberal causes as well as fo humanitarian and human rights appeals");
- "Guilt Edged Givers"—a "heavily East Coast" lis of "affluent individuals who made contributions to a variety of political, public interest and cultural appeals' (average donation: $100);
- "Justice—Hard Core Liberal Donors"—"radical i nature";
- "Friends of Liberals"—"liberally oriented in dividuals who have been recommended as potentia members for a leading national liberal organization."

Other lists available for rent have names like "Cannot Forget," "Brotherly Love," and plain "Concerned Liberals."

Some lists are computer-coded so that they can be broken down by sex, level of donation, ethnic derivation of surname and, of course, zip code. This way buyers can get just that part of a list that they think will work best (women for an ERA appeal, for example, o Italians for a "Reopen Sacco and Vanzetti" campaign). One of Washington's underground bestsellers is a book matching congressional districts to zip codes. This book makes it possible for a candidate running on a platform of, say, animal rights, to buy that part of a list of animal lovers that falls in his or her district.

But what do you do if you're pushing a new cause like my CRUM, without any names to swap? Sometimes

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

list brokers will help a new cause along if they see a potentially valuable new list coming out of it.

The Gray Panthers, for example, which was founded to fight for the rights of the elderly, had almost no members and very little cash before hiring an outside firm to conduct a direct mail campaign. The Panthers struck a deal with a firm called Anacapa. Anacapa provided front money, direct mail expertise, and access to valuable lists. In exchange, it got joint ownership of the new list of people who responded to the Panther mailing. This arrangement was invented by Richard Viguerie, the king of right-wing direct mail. Now it is used by left-wing groups too. With joint ownership of the Gray Panthers' list, Anacapa could bombard Panther supporters with a different appeal every week. On the other hand, the Panthers do have new members: up from 4000 in 1977 to 30,000 today. The only alternative to such a deal would be for CRUM to line up at least one well-heeled supporter so burnt up about junk mail that he'd be willing to advance the necessary money—as either a loan or gift—to get the direct mail campaign under way.

Having rented thousands of likely names, CRUM's next task is to design a tempting package. Some magazine publishers pay as much as $5000 for a well-written subscription letter (considerably more than they pay for an article of similar length). CRUM's pitch can't be too complicated and the proposed solution to the mail problem can't be threatening. CRUM couldn't afford, for example, to advocate smashing the direct mail system. Too many potential donors, after all, may be a part of it. But a slogan like "Mail Inflation—Can It Go On Forever?" might work, and it might, ideally, appeal to a broad mix of conservative and liberal givers. "A BRE [business reply envelope] is mandatory," says one fundraiser for an environmental group. This man ought to know. Reasoning that ecologically concerned types would appreciate an attempt to save trees, he once sent out a package that actually required contributors to dig up their own return envelope and stamp. It bombed.

Almost every successful direct mail package contains more than an appealing letter and a BRE. Most also have a neat pre-labeled card that the impulse donor can easily stick in the BRE along with a check. But not too easily. Most cards are purposely designed to be too big for the envelope. To make them fit, you tear along a perforated line in order to separate the returnable part from a useless stub. The only purpose of this exercise is to give the potential donor a feeling of active participation. Direct mail experts insist that this trick greatly improves the "yield." (Magazine subscription offers often are even more gimmicky. A new piece being tested by *The New Republic* involves punching out a perforated "spoon" on the stub and inserting it into a slot on the returnable part of the card.)

Another popular device for good cause solicitations is to tilt the postage mark ever so slightly or to use a machine that can place a real stamp on the outside envelope. This sort of expensive embellishment gives a piece that inexpensive hand-hewn look. And any stamp, even if it's for 2.7 cents, can make an envelope appear to be first-class mail. Some packaging experts like to embellish the "personal" nature of a mailing by purposely raising a letter or two out of alignment so it looks as if the whole thing were dashed off on a real typewriter by an overworked volunteer. The really extravagant package uses a real stamp on the reply envelope. This increases the yield by making people feel guilty about wasting or "stealing" some worthy cause's 15-cent investment.

Direct mail is expensive. Depending on how many pieces are mailed and the use of such things as color and extra inserts (reprints of newspaper clips, a device invented by Morris Dees when he was raising money for Joan Little, are popular), printing will cost between five and 10 cents per piece. Depending on CRUM's tax status, postage will be 2.7 or 8.4 cents per piece. List rental will cost between $15 and $60 per thousand names. The total cost for a typical mailing of 100,000 pieces: about $20,000, or 20 cents apiece. A very successful mailing—a good package sent to the right lists at the right time—will achieve a return of two percent. With an average donation of, say, $15, a mailing of 100,000, costing $20,000, will bring in $30,000. That means a "profit" of $10,000. But it also means that two-thirds of your donation went to cover the cost of finding and soliciting you.

The Direct Mail/Marketing Organization, a 2000-member trade group, reports that about one out of every three dollars spent by a nonprofit group goes toward fundraising. For a new group, the figure is closer to 90 percent. In either case, direct mail campaigns rarely make an immediate profit; the payoff, if any, comes after the first year, when donors renew their contributions. A much larger part of these checks actually goes to support the worthy cause.

I ran my CRUM idea past half a dozen experts, and they say it'll never work. Direct mail recipients don't really hate the stuff as much as they let on, it seems. As proof, the Direct Mail/Marketing Organization runs ads in various magazines offering readers two options: one of having their names forever removed from direct mail lists, and the other of having their names added to various lists. More people have asked to get more junk mail than have demanded to get less.

The DM/MO's "Mail Preference Service" sprang from industry fears that without such voluntary steps Congress might legislate anti-junk mail measures. About 200 DM/MO members now offer people on their lists the option of not having their names traded or sold to other organizations. One group I know of has gone one step further, and now offers this option up front—right in its first direct mail come-on. It's said that this gimmick has increased the group's rate of response.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fill in your Beethoven

Romantics

236653. Berlioz: Symphonie Fantastique—Bernstein, New York Phil. (Columbia)

283846. Bizet: Symphony in C; Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 (Italian)—Stokowski, National Sym. Orchestra (Columbia)

285049-285040. Borodin: The Three Symphonies; Overture and Polovetsian Dances from "Prince Igor"—Andrew Davis conducts the Toronto Symphony in highly praised performances of these exotic scores (Counts as 2—Columbia)

276808. Dvorak: Symphony No. 7—Giulini conducting London Symphony (Angel)

230433. Dvorak: Symphony No. 9 (New World)—Bernstein conducts New York Phil. (Columbia)

262337. Elgar: Symphony No. 2—Solti and the London Philharmonic (London)✱

230417. Franck: Symphony in D Minor—Bernstein, New York Phil. (Columbia)†

277392. Granados: Goyescas—"scintillating brilliance ...astonishing!"—*N.Y. Times* Alicia de Larrocha (London)

228684. Grieg: Peer Gynt Suites 1 and 2; Bizet: Carmen Suites—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

287854. Liszt: Les Preludes; Prometheus; Festklange—Solti and the London Phil. give dazzling performances of these three colorful symphonic poems (London)

289892-289893. Liszt: Piano Music—fantastic performances by the legendary Ervin Nyiregyhazi (Counts as 2—Columbia)✱

278564. Mendelssohn: A Midsummer Night's Dream (complete)—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

232504. Mussorgsky: Pictures At An Exhibition; Night On Bald Mountain—Ormandy, Phila. (Columbia)

213330. Offenbach: Gaite Parisienne—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

176578. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 2; etc.—Gary Graffman; Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

277038. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concerto No. 3—Lazar Berman; Abbado cond. London Sym. (Columbia)

203745. Rachmaninoff: Piano Sonata in B-Flat Minor; Three Etudes—Tableaux; Prelude in G Sharp; etc.—Vladimir Horowitz (Columbia)✱

230409. Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

232116. Rossini: William Tell Overture—plus works by Herold, Suppe, Thomas—Bernstein and the New York Phil. (Columbia)

285411. Saint-Saens: Symphony No. 3 (Organ)—Raver (organ); Bernstein, New York Phil. (Columbia)

234237. Schumann: Piano Concerto; Mendelssohn: Piano Concerto No. 1—Serkin; Ormandy and the Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

276279. Schumann: Piano Sonatas No. 1, 2—Lazar Berman (Col./Melodiya)

278499. Sibelius: Symphony No. 1; Swan Of Tuonela—Stokowski, National Philharmonic Orch. (Columbia)

250795. Sibelius: Symphony No. 2—Tauno Hannikainen, The Sinfonia of London (Columbia Musical Treas.)

225888. Smetana: Moldau; Bartered Bride Overture, Dances; Dvorak: Carnival Overture—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

268482. Johann Strauss: Tales From Vienna Woods; Die Fledermaus Overture; others. Bernstein and N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

287649. Johann Strauss: Graduation Ball—this ballet score is a pure delight! Dorati, Vienna Philharmonic (London)

275628. Richard Strauss: Also Sprach Zarathustra; Till Eulenspiegel; Don Juan—Solti conducting Chicago Sym. (London)

284216. Richard Strauss: Ein Heldenleben (A Hero's Life)—Lorin Maazel, Cleveland Orch. (Columbia)†

287847. Wagner: Prelude & Liebestod from "Tristan und Isolde"; Tannhauser Overture; etc.—Solti and Chicago Symphony (London)

255620. Wagner: Organ Orgy—opera excerpts transcribed for organ! Anthony Newman (Columbia)

Mahler

237024. Mahler: Symphony No. 1 (Titan)—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

239046-239047. Mahler: Symphony No. 2 (Resurrection)—Bernstein and the London Symphony (Counts as 2—Columbia)✱

Chopin

246843. Chopin: Mazurkas, Etudes, and more—new recordings by Vladimir Horowitz (Columbia)

208934. Chopin: Polonaise Fantaisie; Introduction and Rondo; many more—Vladimir Horowitz (Columbia)

280750. Chopin: Three Waltzes; Two Nocturnes; Polonaise-Fantaisie; Six Mazurkas; Barcarolle. V. Ashkenazy (London)

Haydn

257956. Haydn: Symphonies 101 (Clock) **and 103** (Drum Roll)—Bernstein and the N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

276790. Haydn: Symphonies 88 (Letter V) **and 96** (The Miracle)—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

284232-284233. Haydn: The Creation—this choral masterpiece is performed by Antal Dorati, The Royal Philharmonic, soloists, etc. (Counts as 2—London)†

229658. Beethoven: Piano Concerto No. 5 (Emperor)—Serkin; Bernstein and N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

230425. Beethoven: Violin Concerto—Isaac Stern; Bernstein, New York Phil. (Columbia)

Brahms

267963. Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 1—Artur Rubinstein; Zubin Mehta, Israel Phil. (London)

238436. Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 2—Rudolf Serkin; Szell, Cleveland Orchestra (Columbia)

233130. Brahms: Symphony No. 1—Ormandy and the Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

283788. Brahms: Tragic Overture; Variations On A Theme By Haydn; Academic Festival Overture—Bernstein and the New York Phil. (Columbia)

293209. Brahms: Violin Concerto—Isaac Stern in a brand-new performance with Zubin Mehta leading New York Phil. (Columbia)

Tchaikovsky

250845. Tchaikovsky: Piano Concerto No. 1—Watts, piano; Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

201129. Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture; Serenade for Strings—Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

231563. Tchaikovsky: Swan Lake and **Sleeping Beauty Ballet Suites**—stunning performances by Ormandy, Phila. Orch. (Columbia)

281550. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 6 (Pathetique)—Solti, Chicago Symphony (London)

293191. Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto; Meditation—Stern, Rostropovich, National Sym. (Columbia)

289207-289208. Tchaikovsky: The Nutcracker (complete)—The American Ballet Theatre Production directed by Baryshnikov (Counts as 2—Columbia)

† Available on records and cassettes only

Wherever you are in your classical collection, you've probably been adding to it one at a time. Now, here's a marvelous opportunity to add 11 albums all at once. Maybe complete your Beethoven symphonies. Round out your Bach. Or take your fascination with Mahler a little further. Even experiment a bit in areas you've heard about, but haven't heard yet.

To take advantage of this unique opportunity, simply tell us on the application which 11 selections you'd like to add to your collection right now. The 11 tapes or records you choose will be sent to you at once—all 11 for only $1.00, plus shipping and handling.

Your only membership obligation is to buy just eight more selections in the coming three years, at the regular Club prices (which currently are $7.98 or $8.98, plus shipping and handling. Multi-unit sets and Double Selections may be somewhat higher).

Think of it...you need buy just two or three records or tapes a year...and you won't have any difficulty in selecting them, because you'll receive our Classical Bulletin regularly every four weeks (13 times a year). And we'll also send you the regular Club Magazine, which contains additional classical recordings, as well as hundreds of selections from every field of music. In addition, up to six times a year we may send some special issue of the Bulletin, offering extra-special savings.

This Bulletin will tell you about many of the newest classical releases and we'll even select one as "The Selection of the Month"—but there is no obligation to accept it...order only those you want *when you want them!*

A special response card will be enclosed with each Bulletin...and you may use it to order or reject any selections offered simply by mailing it by the date specified. And if you want *only* The Selection of the Month, you need do nothing—it will be shipped to you automatically. What's more, you'll have at least ten full days in which to make your decision—if you ever have less time than that, just return The Selection of the Month at our expense, for full credit.

You may cancel membership at any time after you've purchased eight selections—or continue under our special bonus plan, which offers you substantial savings on all future purchases. Here, indeed, is the most convenient way possible of acquiring the classical library you want—*at the greatest savings possible!* Furthermore, if you are not satisfied for any reason, just return your introductory shipment within 10 days—your membership will be cancelled and you will owe nothing. So you risk absolutely nothing by filling in and mailing the application today!

All applications are subject to review and Columbia House reserves the right to reject any application

Note: selections with two numbers are 2-record sets or double-length tapes. Each of these "double selections" counts as 2—so please write in both numbers.

Columbia House
1400 North Fruitridge Avenue
Terre Haute, Indiana 47811

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

missing

Bach

273409. Beethoven: Three Favorite Piano Sonatas (Moonlight, Pathetique, Appassionata)—Vladimir Horowitz (Columbia)

273334. Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 (Eroica)—Solti and the Chicago Symphony (London)

225904. Beethoven: Symphonies No. 5 and 8—Ormandy, Phila. (Columbia)

270702. Beethoven: Symphony No. 7; Egmont Overture—Stokowski, New Philharmonia (London)

252874. Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Chorale)—Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia)

262493-262494. Bach: Suites 1-4 and more lute music played by John Williams on the guitar (Counts as 2—Columbia)

246355. Bach: The Four "Great" Toccatas and Fugues—E. Power Biggs, organ (Columbia)

294280. Bach: The Toccatas—the first volume in Glenn Gould's unique interpretations of these colorful baroque scores (Columbia)†

231134. Bach: Goldberg Variations—Glenn Gould, piano (Columbia)

171504. Switched-On-Bach—classical best-seller of the decade! Moog versions of *Air On A G String; Wachet Auf;* etc.—played by Walter Carlos (Columbia)

Mozart

294348. Mozart: Symphony No. 40; Eine kleine Nachtmusik—Zubin Mehta, Israel Philharmonic (London)

293498. Mozart: Violin Concertos No. 2 and 4—Isaac Stern; Alexander Schneider leads English Chamber Orch. (Columbia)

286252. Mostly Mozart, Volume 3—pianist Alicia deLarrocha plays three charming sonatas, and some Bach too (London)

Moderns

269167. Bartok: Concerto For Orchestra; Hungarian Pictures—Zubin Mehta, Israel Phil. (London)

292144. Claude Bolling: Suite for Violin & Jazz Piano—Pinchas Zukerman, violin; Claude Bolling, piano (Columbia)

263293. Claude Bolling: Suite for Flute & Jazz Piano—Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute; Bolling, piano (Columbia)

231142. Copland: Billy The Kid; Rodeo—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

240473. Copland: Appalachian Spring (Original version)—Copland cond. (Columbia)

187112. Gershwin's Greatest Hits—Rhapsody In Blue (Bernstein, piano and orch.); **An American In Paris** (Ormandy, Phila. Orch.); **3 Preludes** (Levant, piano); many more (Columbia)

201665. Grofe: Grand Canyon Suite—Ormandy, Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia)

252551. Orff: Carmina Burana—Michael Tilson Thomas, Cleveland Orch. and Chorus (Columbia)

283796. Ravel: Bolero; Alborada Del Gracioso; La Valse. Bernstein and L'Orchestre National de France (Columbia)

283101. Respighi: Pines Of Rome; Feste Romane (Roman Festivals). Maazel, Cleveland Orch. (London)

250761. Rodrigo: Concierto De Aranjuez; Villa-Lobos: Concerto For Guitar—John Williams; Barenboim Eng. Chamber (Columbia)

281493. Stravinsky: Rite Of Spring. Stunning new recording! Zubin Mehta, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

155309. Stravinsky: Firebird and **Petrushka Ballet Suites**—Columbia Symphony conducted by Stravinsky (Columbia)*

283259. Vaughan Williams: English Folk Song Suite; The Wasps; "Old 104th" Fantasia; etc.—Boult, London Phil. (Angel)

281287. John Williams: Suites From "Star Wars" and "Close Encounters Of The Third Kind"—Zubin Mehta, Los Angeles Philharmonic (London)

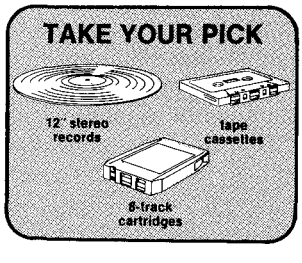
Baroque

282582. Greatest Hits Of 1720. Includes Pachelbel: *Canon;* Mouret: *Rondo (Theme from "Masterpiece Theater");* etc. Richard Kapp, Philharmonia Virtuosi of N.Y. (Columbia)

256503. Handel: Water Music (complete)—Boulez, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)*

288704. Telemann: Suite in A Minor; Vivaldi: Double Concertos—Isaac Stern, Jean-Pierre Rampal join the Jerusalem Music Center Chamber Orch. in these delightful works (Columbia)

227561. Vivaldi: The Four Seasons—violinist Pinchas Zukerman and the English Chamber Orch. (Columbia)



Schubert

285361. Schubert: Symphony No. 9 in C (The Great)—Zubin Mehta and the Israel Philharmonic (London)

263210. Schubert: Sonata in B-flat (Op. Posth. D960)—Serkin, piano (Columbia)*

231126. Schubert: Symphony No. 8 (Unfinished); **Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4** (Italian)—Bernstein and N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

Vocal/Instrumental Collections

289520. Vladimir Horowitz Encores—virtuoso fireworks as he plays Chopin, Liszt, Rachmaninoff, Debussy, etc. (Columbia)

285734. Andre Kostelanetz—Festive Overtures by Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, Wolf-Ferrari, Saint-Saens, Offenbach, etc. (Columbia)

294462. Ervin Nyiregyhazi—the incredible pianist performs works by Grieg, Tchaikovsky, Blanchet, and others (Columbia)†

288720. Luciano Pavarotti Hits from Lincoln Center: arias sung on his historic telecast—Verdi, Puccini, Donizetti, etc. (London)

280602. Jean-Pierre Rampal Plays His Favorite Encores—Bach: *Air ("On The G String");* etc. (Columbia)

280610. Jean-Pierre Rampal—Greatest Hits. Futabu Inoue, piano (Columbia)

282574. Jean-Pierre Rampal and Lily Laskine—Sakura. Favorite Japanese melodies transcribed for flute and harp. Unique! (Columbia)

283507-283508. Rudolf Serkin On Television—75th Birthday Concert: great works by Beethoven, Haydn, Schubert, Mozart (Counts as 2—Columbia)*

285700. Renata Scotto and **Placido Domingo** singing romantic opera duets by Massenet, Giordano and Gounod (Columbia)

280016. Beverly Sills—Opera Arias. Favorite arias by Rossini, Verdi, Bellini (Angel)

276345. Leopold Stokowski—his own transcriptions of *Flight of the Bumblebee; Clair de Lune; Perpetuum Mobile;* etc. (Columbia)

219881. John Williams—Guitar's Greatest Hits. Sor: *Variations On A Theme By Mozart;* Bach: *Gavotte;* etc. (Columbia)

*Selections marked with a star are available on records only.

THE CLASSICAL DIVISION OF COLUMBIA MUSIC CLUB INVITES YOU TO TAKE

any 11 records or tapes $1

plus shipping/handling

if you join now and agree to buy 8 more selections (at regular Club prices) during the coming 3 years

Columbia Music Club/CLASSICAL DIVISION
Terre Haute, Indiana 47811

Please accept my membership application in the Club under the terms outlined in this advertisement. Send me the 11 classical selections listed below for only $1.00, plus shipping and handling. I agree to buy eight more selections (at regular Club prices) in the coming three years—and may cancel membership at any time after doing so.

SEND MY SELECTIONS IN THIS TYPE OF RECORDING (be sure to check one): **7NQ/ME**

☐ **8-Track Cartridges** ☐ **Records**
☐ **Tape Cassettes**

Send these 11 selections		

☑ **Classical 1**

☐ Mr.
☐ Mrs.
☐ Miss .....
(Please Print) First Name Initial Last Name

Address ..... Apt. No. .....

City .....

State ..... Zip Code .....

Do You Have A Telephone? (Check one) ☐ YES ☐ NO 200/F79

APO, FPO, Alaska, Hawaii, Puerto Rico: write for special offer

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and the Arts

Stanley Kauffmann on theater

All New, All American

James McLure's two one-act plays (at the Century) are about the effects of the Vietnam War on its veterans. *Pvt. Wars*, played first though billed second, is set in a veterans hospital and has three characters, all inmates: Gately, a southerner with mechanical aptitude, Natwick, a well-bred Long Islander, and Silvio, a breezy "operator." The play moves in a series of short, astringent scenes, and through this oblique process, it reveals the differing wounds of these three men. Gately *must* keep on repairing a damaged radio even after the man he's doing it for has died—the work is his being; Natwick is still fearfully oppressed by his mother; Silvio must continue to dominate as king *macho* even though his genitals were blown off in combat. All three inmates say often that they could get out any time they like, which is literally true but psychologically unlikely.

The strength of the script is in its method. By sliding past the pathos, the play touches it. A frontal attack might well have missed or, worse, might have emphasized that the play is nothing *but* an appeal for pathos. The method shows McLure's awareness of the danger, his insistence on the importance of this pathos if it can be reached without theatrical corn that would falsify it. The three actors, Gregory Grove (Gately), Clifford Fetters (Natwick) and Tony Campisi (Silvio), play in a way that suggests the tart tonality of modern understated fiction. An actress who was my companion said that she thought the director, Stuart White, had worked by suggesting images to his cast—animals hiding, for instance. I agree.

White directed the première of the second play, *Lone Star*, at Actors Theater of Louisville, where both plays were first done, but here *Lone Star* is directed by Garland Wright whose exceptional "visual" productions at the Lion Theater in New York I've commented on. (*K*, *Music Hall Sidelights*.) Here Wright shows a vastly different and almost equally strong aspect of his talent. *Lone Star*, also with a cast of three men, is Texas-realist, set in the yard behind a bar in a small town, with old car-seats as benches and a décor of old license plates. (The scenery is by John Arnone who did the delicate work for Wright's other productions.) The title operates in several ways besides the nickname of the state: the name of a beer that is swilled a lot, the sighting of the first star that is wished on, and sometimes the emphasis is on the adjective.

McLure's script is written in beer-proletarian-rural, menace-and-solitude poetics, somewhat in the vein of Sam Shepard or, latterly, William Hauptman. Powers Boothe, a tall and trenchant actor, is Roy, who drinks and hells around today pretty much as he did before he went to Vietnam, but this life used to be enough and now it isn't: everything seems different. Leo Burmester is Ray, his beefy, adoring, dumb, younger brother, and Clifford Fetters of the first play does a sort of Jimmy Carter imitation as Cletis, a newly married nit. As the play moves on, Cletis confesses to Ray that, earlier this night, he has taken Roy's beloved car without permission and has smashed it. That car is the dearest thing in Roy's life after his wife, Elizabeth. Cletis asks Ray to tell Roy about the wreck and take the blame. When the brothers are alone, Ray tells Roy that, while the latter was in Vietnam, he and Elizabeth slept together, more than once. Fury bursts forth—but within the bonds of brotherly affection; and by the time Ray gives Roy the news about the car, the fury is even less. Ray has told the truth, strategically.

Wright's direction gently and firmly polishes the theme under this action: ideas of value. In these two men, brotherly love is more than marital betrayal, but the news of that betrayal takes the sting out of the destruction of a tribal symbol, the car: and all these matters are blanketed by the general lingering numbness of Vietnam. The play is something like a field-trip in anthropology—with an echo of *Tobacco Road*—but it's cogent, authentic, well worked-out.

It's not James McLure's fault that his two plays have been snowed with the Confederate-currency inflation of our theater criticism. In spite of the blown praise, his double bill has some modest rewards and is worth seeing.

Michael Weller, on the other hand, is himself inflationary. His new play *Loose Ends* (Circle in the Square), which is also a post-Vietnam number, is an improvement over his hippie-licking *Moonchildren*, but that's not to say much. The inflation begins in the very first of the eight scenes. Two young Americans, Paul and Susan, are lying on a beach in Bali where they have just met, in 1970, and presumably made love. She is floating around the world with a girl friend; he is on his way back from two Peace Corps years in a remote country. The opening account of his experiences there is couched so squarely in platitudinous bitterness (a tale that ends predictably with his getting drunk to forget) that for a time we hope that the clichés are the character's, not the author's. This hope vanishes when Susan's girl friend bursts in followed by a Balinese with a fish, and we get a local-color "cameo-bit" which is completely unrelated to the play and is a

Films Worth Seeing

The Deer Hunter. Men proving their maleness at home and in Vietnam. Wobbly writing, excellent acting.

The In-Laws. Andrew Bergman wrote a good farce, about a dentist and a gangster whose kids are about to marry, and the performance gets better as it goes.

Norma Rae. Labor organizing in the Deep South today. A bit naive but a lot moving. Sally Field's field day.

The Tree of Wooden Clogs. Ermanno Olmi's three-hour story of Italian peasants, c. 1900. Much truth and compassion, middling to fair art.

SK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

battered cliché about American-abroadism.

The succeeding seven scenes take us through the 1970s and through the Susan-Paul story, and each scene executes more or less the same pattern: an initial positing of a situation that seems ticked off from the author's checklist of current problems, the burrowing into the trouble for a while in language that struggles toward but never quite reaches incisiveness, and the lapse into one or another theatrically worn poignancy to conclude matters. The characters are also off a checklist: the hearty bearded friend who is full of health and humping; his woman who bears three of his children liberatedly, confiding—like the girl in Osborne's *Inadmissible Evidence*—how much she loves sex; Paul's sleek salesman brother who is enjoying his selling out; the gay interior decorator whose "cameo bit" seems a belated counterpoise to the earlier Balinese fisherman.

Chiefly, the scenes seem patterned and the "bits" seem tailored because the whole play sounds enforced, a duty tour of Contemporary Life by an author who has absolutely not one iota of his own vision on the subject. In the second half of his play, seemingly because he's desperate to keep his drama dramatic, Weller hauls in the issue of children: Paul wants them, Susan doesn't. (For those who think that this is a "today" issue, related to women's rights: this was the plot nub of *Bulls, Bears and Asses* in 1932.) The couple, now married, split because Susan has had an abortion which Paul finds out about only afterward. The breakup scene on a rooftop is a paragon of dramaturgic clumsiness (besides being incredible in Susan's character); and anyway the issue is revealed as a sham in the last scene. A year after their divorce Paul and Susan meet and have a sex reunion in a country house (an echo of the end of Bergman's *Scenes from a Marriage*), and we learn that Paul is now living with another woman; but there is no mention of his hunger to have children, no word that a wee one is on the way.

Roxanne Hart, the Susan, is fairly pleasant, but she has a voice that tends to dullness in its middle range, and in general she has to work too hard to keep our interest to be genuinely interesting. So, also, Kevin Klein, the Paul, who is not an actor of much depth and who often makes choices in his performance that seem remembered from performances he has seen, rather than observed freshly and distilled. In their faintly tired strophes, the actors are abetted by Alan Schneider the director, who did the first production at the Arena in Washington and whose deployment of stage conventions—the textbook turn or cross or pause—is familiar. The total is a long evening that, in every way, does nothing but remind us of what we have already thought or felt.

Getting Out by Marsha Norman (Theatre de Lys), like McLure's double bill, originated at Actors Theater of Louisville, then proceeded via the Phoenix in New York (where I saw it last year) to its present home (where I saw it again). A southern prostitute-drug addict is released from prison and is determined to straighten herself out. It's misleading to say that Joan Crawford, alive and starring today, would want to film it; it's truer to say that this script, with its language scrubbed, could have been done—figuratively *was* done—in the 1930s.

The lack of anything more than naturalistic varnish on one more Girls in the Big House story is purportedly disguised by a stale theatrical device. There's a multiple set—several settings in one—and there are interwoven scenes of the protagonist at two ages, as an adolescent and as she is today, played by two people. The youngster is a hellion, absolutely unvaried from beginning to end; the older woman is trying to resist temptations to slip back into an easier life than the dishwashing that lies ahead of her. Apparently, no one—from the author to the raving critics—has noted that there is no connection between the two people. How and why did Unregenerate No. One become Regenerate No. Two? So long as there's plenty of (alleged) nitty-gritty—from the kid's heavily prophetic story of the killing of some pet frogs to the howlingly trite scenes with the ex-pimp who wants his non-job back—that question isn't asked. It's squelched by the same old naturalistic tinware dragged out and rattled again with facile squirming and kicking and easily induced hysterics.

Jon Jory, who directed all three productions of this play, has been praised for his work presumably because the light cues are snappy in various parts of the stage, cell-doors bang and doors slam on cue, and all climaxes are built patently and paused after pregnantly. (I can't remember a play with a multiple set whose direction *wasn't* praised.) But the moments that call for some subtle vitalization of stage space, like those between the woman and a new woman friend, are simply left untended. Jory shows himself more of a stage-manager of technical effects than a director with a knowledge of acting or character texture or true stage motion.

William Youngren on classical records

Each of my last several columns has been devoted to only a few major recordings. This time I will try to be more compendious and to cover more ground.

Five months ago I objected to the Leonhardt Consort's new version of Bach's Brandenburg Concertos (ABC Seon 67020) as exemplifying the faults of most recordings of baroque music done on original instruments; and two months ago I pitted against the Leonhardt set James Levine's superb new performances of Brandenburgs Nos. 2 and 5 (RCA ARL1-2788), done on modern instruments, performances which had the tonal beauty and rhythmic life I find lacking in most original-instrument recordings. Now two records have arrived by a group I have never heard of, the English Concert, which have the best of both worlds. The first three of the four Bach Orchestral Suites (BW 1066-68), which are called Overtures on the records, and the Triple Concerto for flute, violin and harpsichord in A minor (BWV 1044), can stand as shining examples of original-instrument baroque performance (Deutsche Grammophon Archiv 2533 410 and 2533 411).

The beat is light and springing; even the grave movements never plod; the first beat of the bar (especially in the minuets) is accented more heavily than

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

in most modern performances but with no trace of the coarseness that bothered me in the Leonhardt records; phrasing and dynamics are sensitively varied throughout. A very thoughtful letter I recently received from a reader compared the sound of baroque instruments to a "regional accent" that one has to become accustomed to, and specifically (and very perceptively) pointed out as an example the "languid" tone of baroque string playing. The famous Air from Suite No. 3 (once known as "Air for the G String"), as played by Simon Standage on the English Concert set, perfectly illustrates this languid quality. Because the dynamic range of a baroque violin is more limited than that of a modern one, which can move effortlessly from an almost inaudible dramatic hush to fortissimo brilliance, the baroque instrument's expressive range is also more limited. But within that range the baroque violin has special virtues of its own: an intimacy and yet a stately remoteness that cast new light on the familiar Air. The other solo instruments of the English Concert are equally well handled. The oboes in Suite No. 1 don't bray and cackle but are strong and trumpet-tongued; the flute, in the wonderful Suite No. 2, has a thicker, heavier, less silvery tone than our modern flute, but the thickness and heaviness become very exciting in accurately executed fast passages; the trumpets and drums in Suite No. 3 are clean and joyous. For me, this is not uniformly interesting music: most of Suite No. 1 I find boring; the opening Overture, the Air, and the spirited Gavotte and Bourée are the best of No. 3; but No. 2 I enjoy from stem to stern, as I do also the somber Triple Concerto with its energetic and darkly conspiratorial opening movement and its curiously subdued and eloquent finale. Whatever the unevennesses of the music, this is a set to acquire. One hopes that the English Concert will soon favor us with a set of Brandenburgs.

The three Bach sonatas for viola da gamba (BWV 1027-29), which some of us who grew up in a less enlightened age first knew as cello sonatas, are also musically uneven. The first is a bore until its rousing fugal finale; the second is better, with its stately, dignified opening adagio and its allegro finale in which the gamba's pizzicato is beautifully played off against the accompanying harpsichord; the third is best of all, with a fugal finale that also contains a surprisingly lyrical middle section. All three are superbly performed by gambist Marçal Cervera and harpsichordist Rafael Puyana on Philips 9502 003. One interesting thing to notice: how strongly the fast fugal movements remind one of Beethoven's last two cello sonatas, Op. 102, Nos. 1 and 2, especially of the stunning fugal conclusion to No. 2. The textures of these late works are utterly different from those of the earlier Op. 69, and one can't help thinking that Beethoven, by the time he came to write Op. 102, had been listening to the Bach sonatas.

Three of Bach's harpsichord concertos (BWV 1052, 1053 and 1055) are brilliantly performed by Raymond Leppard and the English Chamber Orchestra on Philips 9502 002. In the tense and dramatic No. 1 in D minor, one of Bach's greatest works, the playing is powerfully inflected and sharply accented, in perfect accord with the demands of the music. No. 2, in E major, is lighter in texture, with a charming first movement, a darkly lyrical and gracious slow movement and a rather pedestrian finale. No. 4 is, to my ears, not very interesting.

I must confess that in spite of myself I responded with relief to the sound of modern instruments on the Leppard performances. The same was true of the great Dutch violinist Henryk Szeryng's new performances of the two Bach violin concertos in A minor and E major (BWV 1041 and 1042), along with the two-violin concerto in D minor (BWV 1043), in which Szeryng is joined by violinist Maurice Hasson, and the Air from Suite No. 3 (Philips 9500 226). Szeryng's subtle, ever-varying inflection perfectly follows the course of Bach's impeccable musical logic through the two marvelous solo concertos; and in the two-violin concerto, one of Bach's very greatest works, Hasson, whom I had never heard of, is an ideal match for Szeryng. The thrust and parry of the highly intense first movement, the moving ceremonial exchanges of the slow movement, and hesitations and suspensions of the finale that keep dissolving into rising triplet-figures in thirds—all these are flawlessly brought off by Szeryng and Hasson. Equally flawless is the playing of the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, conducted by Neville Marriner. At first hearing I thought the great slow movement of the D minor a shade too fast for the wondrous play of voices between the two violins, but on rehearing I found the slightly faster tempo itself very moving, like the reticence with which a close friend might tell you something of deep concern to you both. Szeryng's perfor mance of the Air is interesting t compare with Standage's on the Englis Concert set: I don't want to give up th touching reediness and delicacy of th baroque violin, yet I also don't want t give up the opulence, variety an controlled power of Szeryng's playing The happy truth of course is that on need not choose: one can have both.

Szeryng has also recently recorde the six Bach violin sonatas (BWV 1014 19) with the distinguished harpsichord ist Helmut Walcha (Philips 6768 029) For me the great works of this set ar Nos. 3 and 4. No. 3 has an authoritative powerfully rhetorical opening adagio; genial, easy allegro; another adagio bot somber and intimate, with sensitiv rhythmic variation; and a slightly les interesting concluding adagio. No. begins with an eloquent largo aria an continues with an intense, superbl intelligent fugal allegro, an eloquen long-spanned adagio and a vigorou finale. Szeryng navigates all of thi marvelous music (as well as the les

Records Worth Getting

Beethoven, Piano Sonatas Opp. 101, 106 ("Hammerklavier"), 109, 110, and 111: Maurizio Pollini (Deutsche Grammophon 2709 072). The finest performance these great works have received on records since Schnabel's classic pre-war ones.

Britten, "Peter Grimes": Jon Vickers, Heather Harper and the Covent Garden orchestra and chorus conducted by Colin Davis (Philips 6769 014). The definitive version of an important modern opera. Even better than Britten's own earlier recording.

Mahler, Symphony No. 2: Claudio Abbado and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra with mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne and soprano Carol Neblett (Deutsche Grammophon 2707 094). Superbly cohesive and beautifully articulated reading of one of Mahler's greatest scores.

Verdi, "Otello": Placido Domingo, Renata Scotto, Sherrill Milnes, and the National Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by James Levine (RCA CRL 3-2951). Beautifully sung by a superb cast, the whole production shaped with sure dramatic understanding by Levine. The only recording of this great work to rival Toscanini's 1947 version, now out of print in this country.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

narvelous music of other sonatas) with iis usual taste and aplomb. I found it nteresting that he sounded rhythmical- y insecure only during the pedestrian low movement of the boring No. 1.

To go directly from Bach's music to hat of his son Johann Christian, "the London Bach," is perhaps unfair. Though J. C. Bach has earned his place in iistory by having influenced the young Mozart, his music, especially if heard ust after that of his father, always sounds as though it were being played by trained mice. As against the baroque expansiveness and expressiveness of the elder Bach, there are the compression ind sharp concision we associate with classical music, the abrupt dramatic gestures—but without the dramatic substance of Haydn or Mozart. Marriner and the English Chamber Orchestra have recently recorded the six symphonies, Op. 3, on Philips 9502 001, and one cannot imagine them played better. But one has only to get out Marriner's set of the early Mozart symphonies (Philips 6747 099) to realize hat Mozart, even as a child, knew better iow to turn to expressive advantage the forms he learned from J. C. Bach than he older man was ever to know. Nos. 4 ind 5 and the six Bach symphonies are richer in intensity and dramatic conflict than the others, but the overriding general impression is one of superficiali- y and chic blandness. Listening to these works and knowing what Haydn and Mozart were to accomplish a few years ater is like reading the poetry of Collins ind Akenside knowing what Words- worth was to accomplish: one has the annoying sense that the vessel has been perfectly prepared but that as yet nothing has been poured into it.

One of the best places to stalk the nature Mozart is in his piano concertos. Two of the finest, K. 466 in D minor and K. 488 in A, have recently been recorded by Stephen Bishop Kovacevich and the London Symphony Orchestra con- ducted by Colin Davis (Philips 9500 570). Since I had heard Davis and Kovacevich (who was then known simply as Stephen Bishop) give fine performances of K. 482 and K. 503 with the Boston Symphony several years ago, I turned eagerly to this new record. But I must report that I was disappointed. The orchestral playing throughout both works is exemplary, exhibiting Davis's usual absolute mastery of detail in the powerfully modeled string lines and refined wind playing. But Kovacevich's playing is soft-edged and full of hesitations and lingerings, lacking in the

"A dazzling narrative... elegant...history on the grandest scale, *embracing a world-wide cast of characters and all the continents...All the heroes and villains of the day before yesterday are alive again in these pages—particularly Churchill, Stalin, DeGaulle and Chiang."*
—New York Times Book Review

"A book that will become a landmark in its field, indispensable to scholars and critical to our understanding of American foreign policy....With awesome thoroughness and scrupulous fairness Dallek has reconstructed the world stage during the FDR years, examined the forces operating upon the President, and analyzed the reasons why FDR behaved the way he did."
—New Republic

"Probably the best book yet written on Franklin D. Roosevelt's foreign policy and may be one of the finest volumes produced on the actions of any American president.—*UPI*

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT AND AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY, 1932-1945
Robert Dallek
$19.95

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS
200 Madison Avenue,
New York, N.Y. 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dramatic urgency that the K. 466 demands and not even adequate to the gentler K. 488. Especially irritating is his coarse italicizing of the first three notes of the K. 488 finale, which should be an invitation to a high-spirited romp but comes out sounding like the blows of a hanging judge's gavel.

No such conflict between piano and orchestra exists in Maurizio Pollini's new recording of Beethoven's C minor concerto with Karl Böhm and the Vienna Philharmonic on Deutsche Grammophon 2531 057. As in his recent versions of the late Beethoven sonatas (see adjoining box), Pollini is in command of this music as no one since Schnabel has been. Listen, for example, to the ferocity of the upward runs with which the piano enters in the first movement, and then to the elegant restraint with which Pollini plays the episode that follows—without, however, losing for a second the sense that the enormous power which produced the initial ferocity is still there in reserve, crouched like a tiger ready to spring. In the beautiful second movement Pollini achieves a spaciousness matched only by Schnabel and the early Glenn Gould, and the finale is by turns electrifying and gracious, just as the music demands. Böhm's conducting throughout is sympathetic and the orchestral playing sumptuous. Pollini is perhaps the greatest pianist in the world today, and certainly the greatest Beethoven player. Why, then, are we constantly lectured on the supposed greatness of the eccentric and unpredictable (though very gifted) Alfred Brendel, who has recorded all the Beethoven sonatas not once but twice? Perhaps because Princeton University Press has published a book of his essays which bears a thinky title I have for the moment forgotten, and because he suits many people's preconceived notion of the ideal sort of pianist to play Beethoven: bespectacled, thoughtful, *philosophisch, echt deutsch*. People who use their ears will choose Pollini.

Billy Graham: A Parable of American Righteousness by Marshall Frady

(Little, Brown; $12.95)

This is a flawed and fascinating book, flawed not so much because of the florid language to which critics have alluded—the southern rococo overembellishment that sometimes makes one feel as if one were about to be buried under decaying magnolia blossoms—but because of the idolatry that lies at the heart of Frady's study of Graham, the terminal infatuation of the biographer with his subject. Here lies an irony: Frady acknowledges not only his initial "huge liking for and empathy with Graham [and] . . . the greatest enthusiasms about everything around him," but the obligation of a biographer to later "withdraw into a detachment, a remove almost of impersonality." Of course Frady is correct when he suggests that in order to solicit information about a subject one must be enthralled by that subject. Interviewers who claim they get their stuff by "seducing" their interviewees have it backwards; in writing profiles, it is the interviewer who must allow himself to be seduced . . . until, and only until, the ruthless act of writing begins. At that point, if one allows one's judgment to be perverted by one's affection, the subject will be perversely romanticized. That is what has happened here.

Frady persists in seeing Billy Graham as "wholly guileless and winsomely self-effacing," as possessed of "simple huge goodwill," as "commanding, splendid," "thin and clean and shining," "arresting," a "luminous young divine," "an imperishable country boy innocent," "tall and lordly and luminous," a "blond, valorous prince out of a Nordic fairy tale" governed by "righteous sensitivities" and "childlike unblinking goodness," as "Adam first stepped forth out of the soft flare of his own Creation, striding bright and silvery-eyed [*silvery-eyed?*] in the Garden. . . ." This is the language of love, applied to a man who—on Frady's own meticulously documented evidence—is shallow, banal, insensitive, megalomaniacal, a dissembler who "has succeeded in acquainting himself with everything while finally understanding nothing." Frad cannot resist coming to that conclusior his honesty propels him to it. On th other hand, he cannot resist bein drawn to Graham either. So his boo has a peculiarly elegaic quality as well a a schizophrenic one. The language i tortured because Frady's intelligence i at war with his emotions: the facts dam Graham; the language exalts him.

A Parable of American Righteousness, thi biography is subtitled; and throughou the book—which, let us say at once, ha been exhaustively and honorabl researched and which abounds in nicel rendered detail—there are troublin confusions that resonate around tha word *righteous*. Wading through th treacly prose, the reader anxiously look for reassurance that Frady know absolutely the difference betwee niceness and goodness, between in nocence and willful ignorance, betwee the need (Graham's) for approval an the desire (Graham's) for worldl power. Graham has sprinkled stardus in Frady's eyes. There is something sof at the core here; brilliant though Frady' insights often are, he cannot quite ge Graham in sharp focus, nor, howeve much he strains, can he make a clean an clear parallel between America' "righteousness" and America's prophet Billy Graham. The nature of both elude him; bedazzled, his vision falters. Th giveaway is that Frady is reduced, in th end, to calling Graham a tragic hero. No To call Graham tragic is to relieve him o responsibility for his acts (or, more t the point, his nonaction); it is to impl that an impersonal fate decreed a rise, fall. If we regard someone as tragic, w are able to regard blemishes with ar excess of tenderness, or, at least, to se them as indignities visited upon him b others. No. Billy Graham is not Billy Budd, a "child-man" to whom "doubl meanings and insinuations [were] quit foreign"; Richard Nixon, in his "wan tonness of atrocity," is not Graham' Claggert; Graham was not, Budd-like "unsuspecting and helpless." Frad invokes Melville to describe Graham' "fresh and simple goodness," but tha helplessness and that goodness loo more—on Frady's own evidence—like determined pragmatism, a desire t ingratiate that is so refined as to amoun to cunning, a pragmatism that stem from a lust to be Caesar's buddy, t share in Caesar's power. This is s abundantly clear that Frady (the son of Southern Baptist preacher) skitter away, finally, from a task he has se himself: "to measure and play

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

verything against the nature and mplications of Jesus' own ministry and nessage." The reader must do his job for iim—infer, extrapolate. Frady will not, or cannot, sacrifice his original vision of Graham even in the interest of ruth. . . . How terribly difficult this ook must have been for him to write!

It is true, as Frady says, that Graham as existed in our minds "largely as a liché, a kind of animated mannikin." To watch one of Graham's TV Crusades does nothing to eradicate this mage.) And Frady succeeds admirably—n spite of the flowery language of love hat insinuates itself between the reader nd Frady's subject and threatens to nuffle all definition—in allowing Graham's "faithful and his critics, as well as those simply curious about him" o "know the man as they'd never nown him before."

Billy Graham likes to talk about the 'acres of hard red clay where my father ked out a bare subsistence." In fact, Graham's father was a prosperous, bstemious young farmer, over whom, ays Frady, "disembodied charges of heer guilt . . . hung so muggily in the general religious weathers." His free-loating guilt was dispelled when, at 18, s he rode in a buggy, "the light from eaven broke over my soul, and a great urden just rolled off my heart." After hat, so orderly and respectable did Frank Graham become, he wore a tie and at even when he was manning his ractor. The elder Graham's piety was, owever, not accompanied by anything esembling an aroused social conscience: ccording to a former neighbor, "Those oor tenants who worked on his place, e hardly paid them anything at all, it was really shameful." He was anipulative and less than scrupulous in is business dealings, and everything he ouched turned to profit; meanwhile, he ontinued to worry about the state of his oul. Billy Graham did not cry at his ather's funeral. He remembers the eatings he received at his hands.

"He was always sweating, always weaty," Graham says about his father; ut his mother—"she was very much a ady." A lady, according to Frady, with "a ertain chaste vanilla freshness" about er (oh, yes; Frady can make language work for him), a lady who took a Bible with her on her honeymoon and who pends her declining years watching TV, especially the Waltons: "That's just the way we used to be," she says. Frady says she was "a kind of winter madonna of he nice, the pure." He also says she beat er son with a hickory stick.

(And, in case you're wondering—yes, of course Billy Graham "spanked" his own five kids. But not without a recitation of their transgressions and a scriptural reading first, and a prayer afterward. Never in heat or in anger. Always in the spirit of rectitude, probity, respectability. Silvery-eyed.)

With his genteel mother—who believed above all in the seemly, the pleasant, the nice—and his business-shrewd father, and with an uncle who had lurid, pop-religious, sentimental apocalyptic fantasies, Sabbath-keeping Billy Graham grew up "a glad and easy country princeling, his own world simple and bright and blithe. . . . as if he had about him . . . some quality of an aboriginal moralness beyond all catechisms and hymnbooks." Well, perhaps not quite so simple, so moral, so blithe as Frady would like to believe: Graham is remembered by neighbors as a prissy tattletale who initiated mischief and didn't take responsibility for it. This "young Gabriel" drove his father's car hell-bent-for-leather at night: when racing companions had a near accident, "he just immediately turned around, never even stopped to talk or check on us." Meanwhile, in high school, the boy who, according to his biographer, "had acquired the arresting look almost of some young country archangel," had trouble keeping up his grades. Frady (poor thing, he just can't help himself) says it was "as if all cerebration, all intellection and abstraction beyond the immediate and spontaneously experienced, were simply alien to him—almost as if he were one of those accidental pure specimens the Elizabethans called, in that ultimate and mystic sense of the word, a Natural." Graham's high school principal says rather more to the point, "There was never any actual question of his graduating. His daddy happened to be chairman of the school board."

Indeed, Graham may not have loved his father, but he knew when to use him (he learned very early the uses of temporal power): once he commanded an irate garage mechanic not to take the name of the Lord in vain. When the workman threatened to shut the priggish teenager up with force, Billy Graham countered, "I'll tell my daddy if you do that. My daddy's Mr. Frank Graham and he brings all his Deere trucks in here." Like his father, Graham honored—as he was later to celebrate—established law and order: "Long as there's a white barbershop in

IMAGES & IDEAS IN AMERICAN CULTURE

THE FUNCTIONS OF CRITICISM

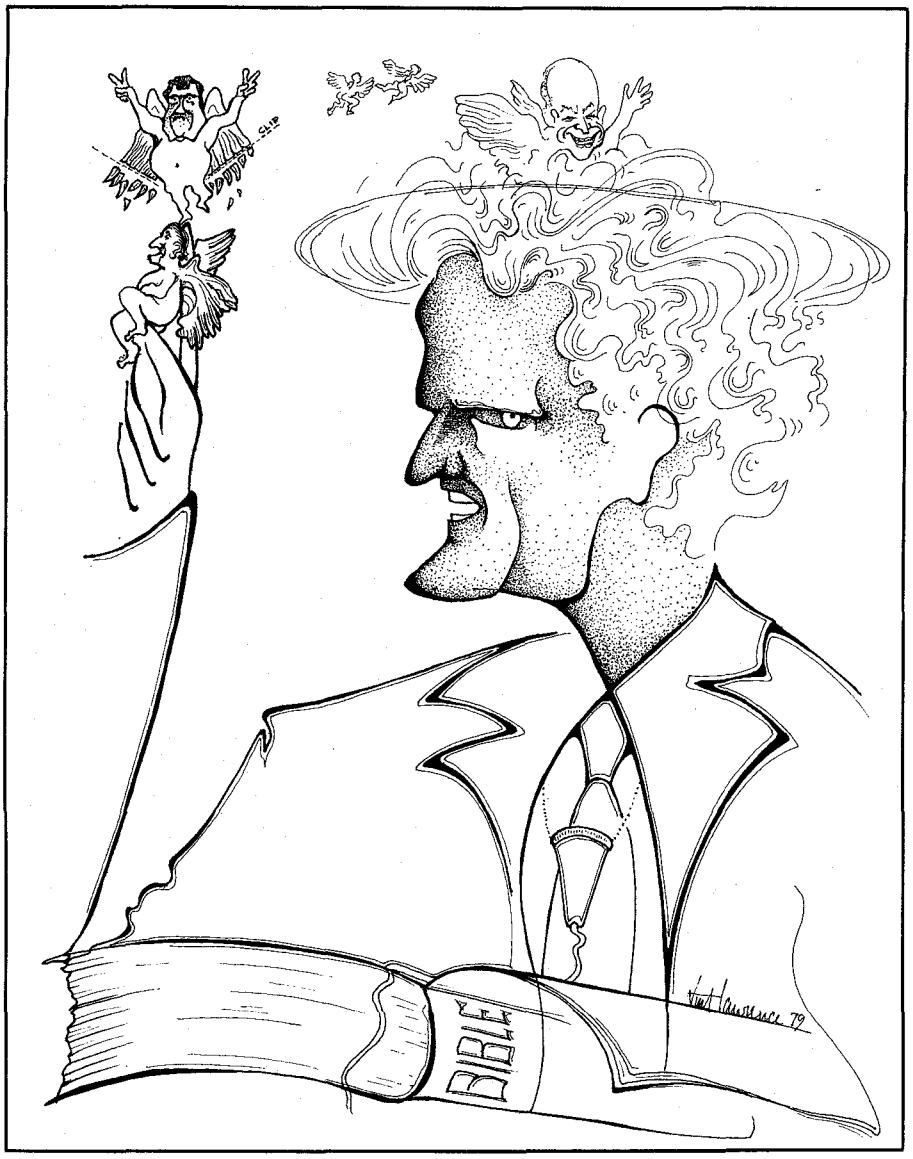
Essays in Memory of Philip Rahv
Edited by Arthur Edelstein

CHOMSKY **BRUSTEIN**
WHITFIELD **NEMEROV**
ALTER **HINDUS**
POIRIER **LELCHUK**

Nine distinguished scholars have produced a significant new collection of essays on the interrelationships of literature, language, politics, and history. Distributed for Brandeis University Press. $10.00

University Press of New England
Box 979
Hanover, New Hampshire 03755

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



drawing of Billy Graham by Vint Lawrence

Charlotte," he said, "I'll never have my hair cut at a nigger barbershop. Never."

When he was 17, Billy Graham came under the influence of one Mordecai Ham, a choleric preacher who ranted against "International Jewry." At one of Ham's revival meetings, Graham was "saved." Questioned about Ham's anti-Semitism years later, Graham said, "I'm sure there was some while Ham was in Charlotte, but I never noticed it. . . . I just got caught up in the services." What the external manifestations of his "decision for Christ" were it's difficult to say. It's doubtful whether it even provided a moment's orgasmic release from the ordinary: Graham couldn't forswear dancing or drinking because he was already an abstainer (although he did "kiss girls until his mouth was chapped"). His curiously unemotional experience of Christ simply made him determined to be "nicer," more pleasant. It did not lead him to any profound insights as to the ways in which politics and morality intersect, or partake of one another. In his beginning was his end: civil rights, Vietnam and finally Watergate—his mind never ranged over the rugged terrain where the worldly and the sacred meet; there has never been for him that flash point of disinterested moral indignation that is the fiercest form of Christian love.

He determined to become a preacher almost the way a provincial Spaniard determines to become a bullfighter. It was a way, sanctioned, out of his small town and into a larger world. (For a while he had wanted to be a baseball player.) That determination lost him his first girl friend, Pauline, a worldly, pretty young woman upon whom Graham showered gifts of *Evening in Paris*. As Frady writes perceptively, "This confoundment—the impossible inconsonance between her own spirit and the 'salvation' he had in mind seems to have told him nothing, indicated nothing to him of what that salvation might actually mean, or that it might hold something less than universal validity."

In a more romantic vein, Frady—who says Pauline now remembers nostalgically the "sweetness" of her dates with Graham in the back seat of his father's Plymouth—writes about powerful loss women who

> *seem to behold in [Graham] the palpable image of what they somehow missed in their own men through their lives: that lost bright man-angel of their sweet American maidenhoods back in that brief nebula of time when they were good and pure and undamaged, their whole life a soft pastel shimmering of possibilities, and they knew and believed in a potential of love as they never would again.*

As one who is impervious to Graham's charms, I am inclined to believe that this is a fancy way of saying that Graham's "innocence" consisted, then, of sexual gaucherie. (Graham himself says he "never engaged in sexual immorality. For some reason God kept me clean." Besides, he adds, he was "just shy.") If his "innocence" then was in fact nothing more than sexual passivity, later, I believe, it took the form of passivity in the face of evil, a deadly blandness, a complicity with wrongdoing, an inability to feel remorse . . . which is, of course, one definition of sin.

After a short stint as a Fuller Brush salesman—"sincerity is the biggest part of selling anything . . . including salvation," Graham was later to say, in the time-honored tradition of American entrepreneurial preachers—he went to the Florida Bible Institute near Tampa where he distinguished himself by wearing "radiant bow ties, pinstripe suits of primary colors, suede shoes in maroon and rust and purple." There the desire to preach suddenly deserted him. The man who was later to call St. Paul "an ardent sports fan" and to insist upon the virility of Christ—"a real he-man, a real man who had a strong jaw and strong shoulders"—saw preachers as revoltingly "weak"; he thought there were more "masculine" ways of living. At this time Graham fell in love with a girl named Emily, about whom he says (in a line worthy of Woody Allen): "She was a deeply spiritual girl, beautiful, brunette, highly dedicated." Frady, piling it on, says she "seemed the utter fulfillment of all his heart's glad and simple poetries." But Emily—"eyes sweetly spangling in a face with the clear glow of a candlelit chapel madonna"—rejected him, "indicating that he seemed a bit spiritually frivolous to her."

What happened next seems almost too

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

;ood—by which I mean too stagey—to ›e true: Graham had what Frady (whose ditor must have been asleep) calls an eighteenth-hole catharsis of heart"; on the eighteenth green of the golf ourse . . . Graham experienced at last ıis true climactic Gethsemane . . . : 'All ight, Lord! . . . If I'm never to get Emily, 'm gonna follow you. . . . You can have ıll of me from now on.'"

Soon after that epiphany, Billy Graham became a member of a posse racking down "two Christians" uspected of sexual offences. The sight ›f a naked man skulking in a closet did or Graham what the Depression, egregation, the poverty of tenant armers did not: "That incident . . . onstituted the first trauma visited on he simplicities of his vision of goodness . . his instant reflex was to contract nore fixedly into the certitudes of his implicity."

Salacious certitudes, one might add. Even Frady acknowledges that when Graham speaks of the sins of the flesh, there seems to be a certain extra smack ınd vibrancy in his enunciation, a higher igor in his movements." The flesh, for ıim, was intrinsically evil; he took four ›r five baths or showers daily: "It gets he poison out." When he achieved fame, ıe said: "I determined I would never valk alone with my secretary, never ıave lunch or ride alone in a car with ıer. . . ." For a while he was obsessed vith the notion that a beautiful "demon-›ossessed woman" would be the agent ›f his destruction. Upon his first visit to England, Graham told reporters that London parks were unfit to walk in: "I vas so embarrassed, I took my wife out ›f them." Pressed for detail, he blurted, 'We saw two couples in the midst of the ex act in broad daylight."

He was repulsed by sex and fascinated ›y it; he was magnetized by power.

At Wheaton College, "a doctrinaire vangelical conservatory" south of Chicago, Graham met Ruth Bell, and 'fell in love with her at first sight." She ooked, he says, like his mother; she even ›ounded like her. She was the daughter ›f Presbyterian missionaries, reared in China; one of the family's favorite ›astimes was to put on, "in full costume ınd blackface with mandolins and guitars their own minstrel shows." Decorous, insular—"quarantined," Fra-ly says—she might have been brought ıp in Iowa. Their attraction was 'spiritual," their courtship antiseptic; hree years after they declared hemselves, they exchanged "their first ull kiss." In 1943, when Billy Graham was 24, two years after the kiss and after several doctrinal debates threatened to disturb their peace, they were married. Graham spent his wedding night on the floor—"I don't mean right away, of course."

Graham began broadcasting locally; as a member of an evangelistic movement in America and Canada called Youth for Christ he spent 75 percent of his time away from Ruth, who moved in with her parents. With the birth of the second of their five children in 1946, Ruth and Billy Graham established joint residence. He was still home no more than two or three months of the year. Ruth flourished, Frady says, in isolation. She grew more handsome. "You get used to it," Ruth Graham says. "You keep busy. The best thing for any of us is keeping busy."

Is it morbid of me to find that statement chilling? I've heard it before: from overseas wives, on army bases, from wives whose husbands were roving diplomats, soldiers, mercenaries, and, yes, ministers . . . from women who coped and smiled and smiled and smiled—and sometimes cracked. I want to know more about Ruth Graham, a woman of silences, a woman who is said to have no moods, who—always ready with coffee and sympathy—never raises her voice in anger. One senses in her strength that is constrained, energy fiercely reined in; do I only imagine a slight hint of mockery in her voice when she addresses her husband? I wish Frady had been more interested in her. She had wanted, once, to be a missionary in Tibet. Does she ever regret her chosen domesticity, her satellite life? After her children were grown, for a brief while she took to riding motorcycles, hang-gliding, being towed by speedboats. She loved speed and motion. She spends her evenings, now, watching television. If she has regrets, to whom does she confess them?

By 1946 Graham, moving perkily through devastated Europe in sherbet-colored suits, had attracted the attention of William Randolph Hearst. By 1949 the AP, UPI, INS, *Time*, *Newsweek* and *Life* were covering his Los Angeles Crusade. (And—God bless America—"Before Graham finally left town, he was offered a screen test by Cecil B. DeMille.") An indomitable cold warrior, he soon counted Henry Luce, Sam Rayburn, John Foster Dulles among his friends; Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek were among his heroes. He appeared on the Bob Hope Show, the Jack Benny Show, the Jackie Gleason Show, with Steve Allen and with John Cameron Swayze. He won the Horatio Alger Award. When he came to New York—"Sodom"—in 1957, his New York executive committee included the president of Mutual Life of New York; Ogden Reid of the *Herald Tribune*; the president of Chase Manhattan; Captain Eddie Rickenbacker; William Randolph Hearst Jr. The finances for his Crusade were supervised by Howard E. Isham, vice president and treasurer of US Steel. He had the support of the Vanderbilts, the Goulds, the Whitneys—as Dwight Moody before him had received the support of J. P. Morgan, and as Billy Sunday had received the support of John D. Rockefeller. And why not? Graham, friend of the military establishment, complicit in McCarthyism, was not above describing Paradise as a place with "no union dues, no labor leaders, no snakes." He accepted a $75,000 contribution from Russell Maguire, whose broker's license the SEC had revoked for flagrant violations. (But Graham was innocent/ignorant of this, and of Maguire's anti-Semitism.)

The 1950s were the halcyon years, lived in the glow of his association with Eisenhower—an association which, to Graham, who once said, "Boy, I sure

MOVING?

PLEASE NOTIFY US
6 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

NEW ADDRESS:

Name (please print)

Address

City State Zip

MAIL TO:
Subscription Service Department
The New Republic
P.O. Box 58
Whitinsville, MA 01588

ATTACH LABEL HERE for address change or inquiry. If you are receiving duplicate copies of TNR please send both labels. If moving, list new address above. Note: your subscription will end with the month and year given on the top line of label. Example: 1279 means subscription will end in December 1979.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

hope they have a golf course up there," must have prefigured heaven. Truman had given him rather short shrift, and with JFK he had no more than a superficially amiable relationship. But for Eisenhower, Johnson, and of course for Nixon (for whom he served as "Pastor-without-Portfolio"), he acted both as religious court jester, unquestioning and uncritical of authority, and as guru and comforter, assuring his elected leaders of their probity and righteousness.

Frady asks Graham if he was ever conscious of being used by those in power. Graham: "Well, I usually *thought* I could tell. . . ." But the question is silly; Frady might as well have asked if the right hand uses the left. They were all—including Graham, despite his protestations of political neutrality—powerful, and they all routinely used one another, exchanged blandishments, stroked one anothers' egos. (Bill Moyer is wonderful on this subject: he makes Graham and Johnson sound almost like Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid.) This is implicit in one of Frady's good anecdotes:

> *At the dedication of a $2 million Esso Standard building in Charlotte on the old pastures of the Graham farmland, Esso President William Naden proposed . . . 'What a great combination it would be to have Billy Graham associated with Esso Standard Oil.' Of course in a sense he already had been for some time.*

Quite. By this time, Graham, with his vast constituency, was, in his own way, as much a power as any elected official. As he said when it was suggested that he run for office, "Why should I demote myself to be a Senator?"

Frady manages, with a blitz of words, to imply that Graham's relationship to power was like that of a poor hungry gangly country boy with his nose pressed against the bakery window; he thus is able to excuse—and even in some measure to find endearing—Graham's inordinate yearning for "the various appointments of earthly importance." He says that, starting with Eisenhower, Graham "entered a tragic equation." Graham is likened, by Frady, to Christ being tempted on the mountaintop by Satan. The analogy is false. Christ was not a social climber. (Graham: "I'm appealing to a higher-type social strata.") Christ did not seek to ingratiate himself with the Scribes and the Pharisees and with Pontius Pilate; His identification was with the lowly. When He rejected the principalities and the

IN MEMORIAM FRANCIS LEDWIDGE

killed in France 31 July 1917

The bronze soldier hitches a bronze cape
That crumples stiffly in imagined wind
No matter how the real winds buff and sweep
His sudden hunkering run, forever craned

Over Flanders. Helmet and haversack,
The gun's firm slope from butt to bayonet,
The loyal, fallen names on the embossed plaque—
It all meant little to the worried pet

I was in nineteen forty-six or seven,
Gripping my Aunt Mary by the hand
Along the Portstewart prom, then round the crescent
To thread the Castle Walk out to the strand.

The pilot from Coleraine sailed to the coal-boat.
Courting couples rose out of the scooped dunes.
A farmer stripped to his studs and shiny waistcoat
Rolled the trousers down on his timid shins.

At night when coloured bulbs strung out the sea-front
Country voices rose from a cliff-top shelter
With news of a great litter—'We'll pet the runt!'—
And barbed wire that had torn a friesian's elder.

Francis Ledwidge, you courted at the seaside
Beyond Drogheda one Sunday afternoon.
Literary, sweet-talking, countrified,
You pedalled out the leafy road from Slane

Where you belonged, among the dolorous
And lovely: the May altar of wild flowers,
Easter water sprinkled in outhouses,
Mass-rocks and hill-top raths and raftered byres.

I think of you in your Tommy's uniform,
A haunted Catholic face, pallid and brave,
Ghosting the trenches with a bloom of hawthorn
Or silence cored from a Boyne passage-grave.

It's summer, nineteen-fifteen. I see the girl
My aunt was then, herding on the long acre.
Behind a low bush in the Dardanelles
You suck stones to make your dry mouth water.

It's nineteen-seventeen. She still herds cows
But a big strafe puts the candles out in Ypres:
'My soul is by the Boyne, cutting new meadows. . . .
My country wears her confirmation dress.'

'To be called a British soldier while my country
Has no place among nations. . . .' You were rent
By shrapnel six weeks later. 'I am sorry
That party politics should divide our tents.'

In you, our dead enigma, all the strains
Criss-cross in useless equilibrium
And as the wind tunes through this vigilant bronze
I hear again the sure confusing drum

You followed from Boyne water to the Balkans
But miss the twilit note your flute should sound.
You were not keyed or pitched like these true-blue ones
Though all of you consort now underground.

Seamus Heaney

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lominions of this world, he knew exactly the value of what he was refusing.

For Graham, there was no 'tragedy"—only a logical progression hat led in the end to Watergate, to his iving almost as a prisoner in a pretty, :hintz-and-antique-filled house (paid 'or by the president of Sun Oil), surrounded by an eight-foot-high elec-rified fence, surmounted by a sign: 'Vicious Dogs . . . Trespassers Will Be Eaten."

If Frady's analyses of and digressions nto the nature of good and evil are ;ometimes fuzzy, his anecdotes are narvelously—terribly—revealing. Do 'ead this book. Read what Graham has iad to say about Vietnam—"We have all iad our My Lais in one way or another . . a thoughtless word, . . . a selfish leed. . . . I've always been careful not to ake any real position on the war"; about :ivil rights—"Only when Christ comes igain will little white children of Alabama walk hand in hand with little)lack children"; about Watergate—"And ill those people around [Nixon], Haldeman, Ehrlichman, Dwight Cha-)in—they seemed to be people who were so clean, so upstanding. . . . I think t was sleeping pills. Sleeping pills and lemons." To read this is to agree with Frady that "evil is simply the advance of :mptiness—an advance that, like cancer, ias the appearance of a robust, bristling /itality. But its effect is a progressive, liscreet etherizing of the true nerves of :xperience and meaning."

Bomb the Cambodians, Cardinal Spellman advised President Johnson. 'Bomb them! Just bomb them." I am a Catholic; and I find that monstrous. But find equally monstrous the coarseness)f mind that allows Billy Graham to say 'We also had the problem of rats. The)nly difference between then and now is we didn't call upon the government to kill them. We killed our own!" (That's)ad enough; what's worse is that, in spite of those expressed sentiments, :xpedience led Graham to lend verbal support to Lyndon Johnson's poverty)rogram.) I find Graham's parochialism)reathtakingly offensive (Dodsworth would have known better; Henry James would have been appalled): when our global TV prophet came back from India, he was moved to say, "Wouldn't it be a wonderful thing if we gave to India a)eautiful new train, or Mr. Nehru a white air-conditioned Cadillac?" (His)nly recorded comment on Benares is :hat it had a superb amplifying system.) Is that monstrous or amusing (or)ossibly both dangerous *and* funny)? And what manner of man hears—on a golf course—that another man's brains have been blown out of his beautiful head and moralizes, "It was a terrible thing, but we must have a terrible shock sometimes to rouse us out of our spiritual neglect and apathy"? (He was talking about John F. Kennedy.)

It is this man: a man who "just drives himself nuts worrying all the time about whether he's got too much"—but divests himself of nothing. A man who has suffered from hernias, retina clots, pleuresies, ulcerative colitis, jaw abscesses, insomnia, urinary infections. . . . "Something is always breaking out somewhere," he says. He has had polyps and tumors on his forehead: "I was actually growing horns—polyps or whatever they were—these horns out of my mouth, out of my forehead." "I have the feeling that Satan's constantly laying land mines for me. . . . I'm sure I'm a prime target. . . . They've got this electronic equipment now. . . . I even watch what I say to my wife in our own bedroom now," he says.

Why do I think of Howard Hughes?

One of us—Frady or me—is deluded (or perhaps it is just that Frady is charitable and I am not). Graham's "own arrival at a peace" after Watergate, Frady says, was "his lifetime's most heroic triumph over despair." I do not believe that a dishonorable accommodation can be called "peace."

Will Campbell—scruffy, tobacco-chewing minister-activist of the Committee of Southern Churchmen—says: "Jesus judges us by what we do to the children, the prisoners, the whores, the addicts, the scared and bewildered, the poor, the hungry—to 'the least of them.'"

Billy Graham—voted in 1970 one of the 10-best-dressed men in the world—says: "I've never known a moment of despair."

The Gospel according to St. John says: "Jesus wept."

Barbara Grizzuti Harrison

Barbara Grizzuti Harrison is the author of *Visions of Glory: A History and a Memory of Jehovah's Witnesses* (Simon & Schuster).

The Friends of Liberty: The English Democratic Movement in the Age of the French Revolution by Albert Godwin

(Harvard University Press; $20)

The radical movement in English politics in the late 18th century is a very tangled skein. It proved almost totally ineffective except in developing methods and techniques of political agitation and in heightening the political consciousness of artisans and, more doubtfully, of the unskilled working class. Even its major target—parliamentary reform—which had been a central issue for a third of a century by 1800, had to wait another third of a century for its achievement. This lack of success has led many historians, therefore, to dismiss the entire movement as an ineffectual agitation by middle-class intellectuals, discontented gentry and irate Irishmen, backed by dissenters and radical journalists such as Thomas Paine: a movement which never acquired either a mass base or political weight. Indeed, Sir Lewis Namier did not regard the radicalism of the 1760s and 1770s as worthy of either long or profound study. He believed in concentrating on political power, the radicals possessed scarcely any, therefore they could quite properly be ignored.

A few historians, it is true, have held different views. Those devoting themselves to long monographs on aspects of the reform movement have naturally looked for its positive achievements with a benevolent eye, for it is hard to remain enthusiastic through the long wearisome years of research about movements that failed—an attitude well exemplified in E. C. Black's book, *The Association: British Extraparliamentary Political Organisation 1769-1793*. Sir Herbert Butterfield, indeed, went even further. He argued for the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thesis that England was, in 1782-83, on the brink of revolution. That opinion has not been accepted but it certainly helped to counteract Sir Lewis Namier's view and was a clear call to historians not to underestimate the radical contribution. And then came the brilliant, passionate, but not entirely scholarly work of E. P. Thompson, for whom the significance of the radical movement of the 1780s and 1790s lay in its development of working-class consciousness—indeed, he titled his book *The Making of the English Working Class*. Like Butterfield, Thompson overstated his case but nevertheless his work was seminal and drew attention to the growth of grassroots politics; and his argument that working-class politics emerged between 1780-1830 has been widely accepted.

Behind these major works lies a mass of monographic studies of radical men and women, of regional radicalism and of the impact of the American and French Revolutions on the radical movement. The importance of these two revolutions in English history has given rise to considerable controversy although the work on both still remains patchy. So Professor Godwin has plunged into a subject fraught with difficulty. There is still no accepted view of the importance or non-importance of the British radical movement of the 18th century, no agreement at all on the impact of the revolutionary experience of America or France. And one of the most crucial factors of all in this story—Ireland—has been neglected by almost all the historians of radicalism except Butterfield. Few guidelines, therefore, but a huge mass of documentation faced Professor Godwin. It is not surprising that this book has been long years in the making.

The result is admirable. Professor Godwin writes good, clear prose; his judgments are judicious; but his greatest merit is the clarity of his exposition of an extremely tangled story.

The radicals possessed no coherent ideology: most were Janus-faced—longing for a British constitution purified of the faults and corruptions they saw about them. But such a constitution had never existed except in the imaginations of 17th- and 18th-century antiquaries who confidently claimed the Saxon witenagemot as the mother of parliaments. "Annual Parliaments," "payments of MPs"; so many of the radicals' demands harked back to the 17th century and beyond. And yet they were conscious, too, of the unequal representative nature of Parliament, of the needs of Sheffield, Birmingham, Leeds and the other great industrial towns to have their own members of Parliament. The American Revolution heightened that consciousness and made them fully aware of the inanities of the theory of virtual representation, i.e. that Birmingham was represented through the country representative of Warwickshire, the same sort of specious argument that had been used against America's claims.

Professor Godwin is exceptionally good on the impact of the American and French revolutions, which at first accelerated the course of radicalism and then drove it off course. Both revolutions strengthened the demand for equality and heightened the awareness of the scattered vestiges of feudalism that still littered the English constitution. And yet both revolutions turned into wars with England and so bedeviled the cause of radicalism. Patriotism wrecked radical resolve. It was hard, as Josiah Wedgwood realized, to remain bitterly opposed to your government when invasion threatened. The wars with revolutionary France obviously put an even greater strain on radicalism than the American Revolution. And this situation was made more complex by the Irish problem. Treason and radicalism became bedfellows.

There were, of course, other factors that wrecked radicalism—the confusion of aims, the conflict of personalities, the lack of charismatic leaders and, above all, the ideological weakness. Lacking the obvious targets for revolution possessed by the French and the Americans, England's radicals needed a first-class political philosopher: at least someone of the intellectual stature of Edmund Burke. Thomas Paine was too journalistic, Jeremy Bentham too cranky, and the minor propagandists such as Burgh lacked both intellectual weight and journalistic flair.

On all these matters, Professor Godwin is admirable. His weakness is a common weakness of historians writing on radicalism. Apart from a brief discussion of the public meeting he does not consider the techniques by which radical attitudes were diffused among the masses and he seems unaware of the seminal work on John Wilkes by Dr Brewer of Yale. The availability of print and the growth of rapid communications made a mass basis for radicalism possible. By 1800, it was no longer days but hours that separated London from the great urban centers of Manchester, Birmingham, Leicester, Nottingham, Sheffield and Leeds. These towns had not one but several printing presses, most of them run by printers dedicated, like Gales of Sheffield, to radical causes. Indeed, the role of radical printers in organizing radical pressure in the provinces, remarked on by Professor Godwin in relation to Gales, needs much more research which, had Professor Godwin accomplished it, would have given his book greater richness and greater originality. But it was not only print which worked to spread radical views—so did prints and caricatures available throughout the land by the 1770s in every market town. Further commercialization of politics had taken place through the sale of decorated mugs, figurines, buttons, ribbons and the like—indeed "Wilkes and Liberty" had provided news pastures for the 18th-century entrepreneur, pastures which were to be regularly harvested. Of course, this commercialization of politics was at the service of reaction as well as of radicalism but it ensured a far greater involvement in political debate among the mass of the population and certainly enabled radicalism to reach out beyond the confines of the middle class.

The development of the mass market in politics—its exploitation by entrepreneurs—of course possessed great dangers, too, for the radical cause. The xenophobic moods of the mob—hatred of foreigners, hatred of papists, hatred of Irish—could easily be played upon successfully. The end of the 18th century and the beginning of the 19th witness the rise of the working-class consciousness, but what E. P. Thompson and his followers do not always grasp is that working-class consciousness can be reactionary as well as radical, sometimes a mixture of both. Gordon, an aristocrat, may have instigated the vicious riots against Catholics but the rioters were not aristocratic; they were the workers of London. And patriotism is often a powerful motive among the working class—a factor of exceptional importance for any understanding of the class struggle in England in the 19th and 20th centuries. And it was because of patriotism, combined with the equally

AUTHORS WANTED BY NEW YORK PUBLISHER

Leading book publisher seeks manuscripts of all types: fiction, non-fiction, poetry, scholarly and juvenile works, etc. New authors welcomed. For complete information, send for booklet NR-1. It's free. Vantage Press, ' N.Y. 10001.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nophobic fear of papacy, that the Irish oblem played so vital a part in mass litics and helped to inhibit radical velopment in England. This, too, is a rand that one would have liked ofessor Godwin to explore far more an he does. His treatment of Ireland is th conventional and brief.

The failure of British radicalism is, rhaps, its most interesting aspect. Of urse, it has had some triumphs over e last two centuries: it has extended e area of individual freedom; otected some of the liberties of the bject; and achieved some social justice r the old, the sick, the young and the orkless. But radicalism has never been le to dominate English political society r more than a few years even in the cial democratic guise of the English Labour party. Over two centuries numbers of English working men and women, skilled and unskilled, have remained deeply conservative in politics as well as in social attitudes. Indeed, English radicalism has, more often than not, possessed a powerfully conservative element, suspicious of change and of growth and harking back nostalgically to a "Merrie England" that never was.

These are themes that still need to be explored if we are to explain why Britain never enjoyed a thoroughgoing bourgeois revolution, let alone a more radical one.

J. H. Plumb

J. H. Plumb is professor of history at Cambridge University.

---

he Basement
/ Kate Millett

imon & Schuster; $9.95)

takes an act of courage to read this ok. Think, therefore, what it must ave taken to write it. *The Basement* is an haustive study of the weeks-long rture of a 16-year-old girl named ylvia Likens. It is nonfiction. Sylvia ikens died on October 26, 1965, in dianapolis. Her starved and mutilated dy was found in the house of Gerude Baniszewski, the woman with hom Sylvia and her sister had been left hile their parents followed the fair rcuit. Gertrude Baniszewski went to ial for the murder, along with three of er children and two neighborhood ys.

"Likens Trial Turns the Mind Away," id one of the headlines at the time. It rns the mind away still. Surely no one n read *The Basement* without feeling ck, and there is a constant temptation drift into thoughts of something se—anything else, anything at all.

Why bother with it, then?

First, there's the feeling that it would e somehow cowardly, ostrich-like, to am the book shut and forget it (or tempt to forget it). We'd be joining nks with Sylvia's carefully blind and af neighbors, who were so anxious ot to "get involved." Second, you can't avel too far into this book without umbling over some important thoughts on the condition of being a victim.

To Kate Millett, the case became such an obsession that she spent 14 years trying to figure out how to write about it—"waiting to be good enough," she says. She opens her book by addressing Sylvia directly:

> *Finally, I can touch you with my voice, finally it's time, Sylvia Likens. In how many sad yellow hotel rooms have I spoken to you, writing these words before me on the wall as I lay back on some bed and staring at the painted plaster, beginning this in my mind. Emboldened for an hour. And then a coward again at home never getting anything on paper. Waiting till the time came. For fourteen years you have been a story I told to friends, even to strangers, anyone I could fasten upon and late at night. Since the first moment I heard of you, came across something in a magazine, the outline of your ordeal.*

Clearly the wait was of value. The writing is fully ripened, rich and dense, sometimes spilling out in torrents.

The subtitle of this book is *Meditations on a Human Sacrifice*, and the style does resemble the internal voice of someone deeply meditating, turning a single subject over and over to view it from all angles. Or perhaps it's more like the circular, nighttime thoughts of an

Can't see yourself in a traditional doctoral program?

Look into The Union's graduate school.

At the Union for Experimenting Colleges and Universities, we won't ask you to fit your thoughts into our structure. We'll help you create a framework for your ideas, instead. As a Ph.D. candidate at the Union, you'll share the responsibility for designing, implementing, and evaluating your program with a carefully selected group of core and adjunct faculty, and your peers.

Because you aren't location-bound with the Union, you can stay in your own town and perhaps continue to work full-time as you pursue your degree. Or your study can take you worldwide to make use of virtually unlimited human and institutional resources.

Through the Union, you'll have the opportunity to work with the best thinkers and practitioners in your field; to explore interdisciplinary studies; and to pioneer studies in areas not yet offered in traditional programs.

The educational experience we offer is exciting and evolutionary—and sometimes revolutionary. If you think you'd like to be a part of it, write us for full information on admission and financial aid, or call 1-800-543-1743. In Ohio, call 513-861-3334.

THE UNION

The Union for Experimenting Colleges and Universities, 2331 Victory Parkway, Cincinnati, Ohio 45206.

A nationwide degree-granting consortium offering the B.A., B.S., and Ph.D. degrees

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

insomniac. Kate Millett looks at events now through Gertrude's eyes, now through Sylvia's, now through the eyes of one of the neighborhood boys; then she steps back inside her own skin. She is occasionally, in her various disguises, too self-aware. It seems unlikely that Gertrude would be openly conscious of the sexual implications of paddling Sylvia, for instance, or that she would trouble to formulate such complex explanations for her brutality. At her best, though—as when Gertrude is just ironing, and reflecting upon the act of ironing—Kate Millett is wonderfully convincing.

Some of the shock is dulled by repetition; the book goes on far too long. But it's a flaw we can understand. This is an obsession, after all, and the author has to work it through. What keeps us with her is that we, too, have to work it through. There are questions here that need answering—not, of course, that any final answers are possible. What leads humans to such extremes of cruelty and rage? And what leads others to submit?

There were dozens, even hundreds of moments when Sylvia could have escaped. She never tried to, until it was too late. She was, Kate Millett proposes, close kin to the nurses in the Richard Speck case—those eight grown women who were murdered, one by one, by a man without a weapon. They could have joined forces; even two or three could have defeated him, but they yielded to

> *a drama of cornering or suffering in which one hopes to be lucky. Hopes not to be raped too. Not to be tortured first. Not to suffer long. To cooperate, to assuage, to hold out the hands to be tied. To beg quietly. Not to scream because it will make him angry, because it will make him strike you.*

This trust in the power of surrender and appeasement was Sylvia's undoing, Kate Millett suggests, and it prevented Sylvia's sister from protesting also, for fear of being the next victim. The explanation rings true.

The notion that Sylvia's ordeal was specifically related to her being female is harder to accept. Kate Millett calls the case "a nightmare, my own nightmare, the nightmare of adolescence, of growing up a female child, of becoming a woman in a world set against us, a world we have lost and where we are everywhere reminded of our defeat." But doesn't this kind of reflex pigeonholing diminish Sylvia's death? What happened in Indianapolis was a puzzle in basic human relationships—the mystery of why certain people torment and why others acquiesce. It is not a mystery limited to women. The prisoners in the German concentration camps—some obediently digging their own graves, smiling hopefully into the camera even as their executioners' rifles were cocked—were not all female. Nor were those who resisted all male.

"Sylvia would not have been subjected to her specific tortures if she were not a girl," says Kate Millett. "They were devised for her precisely because she was one. That was her crime." But actually, any of her tortures could have been practiced, with very little variation, upon a boy; and girls are not the only victims of child abuse, which is what Sylvia's case boils down to. The fact that boys eventually, at around Sylvia's age, develop the weight and muscle that often lend them confidence to defend themselves doesn't really seem an ideological issue.

It's more plausible that Sylvia was a victim of a general sense of despair on both her part and her murderers' part, largely resulting from poverty. Which is not to excuse her murderers in any way. ("Simply being poor does not necessarily lead you to the place where you torture children in basements," Kate Millett says, sensibly enough.) In addition, Gertrude seems to have felt toward Sylvia that inexplicable personal animosity—almost an allergy—that so often figures in cases of child abuse. It could have been, as Kate Millett suggests, that Gertrude killed Sylvia "for sex. Because she had it. She was it. Like a disease. Like some bizarre primitive medicine. Because nubile and sixteen she is sex to the world around her and that is somehow a crime." But no firm proof of this is ever offered.

More to the point, Gertrude was th sole support of a tumult of children, or of whom was already pregnant out c wedlock. She was asthmatic, ugl brutalized, a battered wife long ag abandoned. It emerged in the trial thi she had nine people to feed and or spoon, literally, to feed them with. Sinc Gertrude also had a lawyer, a series c doctors, a TV and a stereo, as well a cigarette money, Kate Millett suppose that "the question of spoons is nc simple poverty, but poverty of a speci kind, a kind of disorganization hard t imagine in someone responsible fc seven children." Disorganization, ye but also a straightforward aversio toward being the nurturer. Whe Gertrude was approached, almost a random, by Sylvia's father with an offe of $20 weekly to board his daughter she was taking on two more oper expectant mouths—and mere mone must have done little to ease her inne sense of depletion. No one can side wit the defense psychologist, who seemed t absolve Gertrude purely on sentiment grounds ("she has a very great need fc love and attention"), but neither shoul we assume automatically that she kille for sexist reasons, however convolute

It may seem that, in criticizing central tenet of *The Basement*, I ar criticizing *The Basement* itself. I am no The book can stand alone, quite apar from any feminist polemics. It is a important study of the problems c cruelty and submission, intensely fe and movingly written. I don't expect t forget it, although I'll keep trying.

Anne Tyler

Anne Tyler's most recent novel is *Earthl Possessions* (Knopf).

Of This Time, Of That Place, and Other Stories by Lionel Trilling

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $7.95)

This volume, a collection of five short stories, is part of a new uniform edition of Lionel Trilling's works. All five stories were published in magazines at various points early in Trilling's career, but only two of them ever received wider recognition. Auto mechanics don't necessarily make the best drivers literary critics, knowing all the tech niques and conventions, don't necessari ly write moving or beautiful fiction Trilling's stories, though, are good; plu they afford a closer than usual view o the man before his critical imaginatior

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

as fully developed, before his style was mpletely fashioned. Trilling was only years old when the last of these ories was published. His major work—*e Liberal Imagination* (1950), *The Opposing lf* (1955), *Beyond Culture* (1966), *Sincerity d Authenticity* (1972) and the novel *The iddle of the Journey* (1947)—was all ahead him.

Most of Trilling's life was spent on iiversity campuses—University of isconsin, Hunter College, Oxford, arvard and Columbia, where a dozen ars after taking his BA and MA he came the first Jew on the faculty of nglish. This is reflected in the fact that ur of these five stories have campus ttings, and three of them deal in some ay with the thorniness of being a Jew a predominantly non-Jewish environent. In 1925 Trilling, then 20 and just out to graduate from Columbia, iblished his first short story, "Imediments," in *The Menorah Journal*, lited by Elliot Cohen. (A brilliant udent of English at Yale, Cohen unded *The Menorah Journal* when he w that a university teaching career as closed to him, as a Jew.) Its tone is irprisingly mature, but the akespearean epigraph and occasional lentless metaphors serve as gentle minders of the writer's age. The ory's narrator is repeatedly apoached by Hettner, a "scrubby little w." They walk with each other etween lectures; the narrator keeps the nversations impersonal and brief.

I felt always defensive against some attempt Hettner might make to break down the convenient barrier I was erecting against men who were too much of my own race and against men who were not of my race and hated it. I feared he would attempt to win into the not-too-strong tower that I had built myself, a tower of contemptible ivory perhaps, but very useful.

lettner is never begrudged his 15 inutes a week, but when one night he omes by wanting more intelligent and iore serious talk the narrator won't blige. He doesn't want Hettner to talk bout himself, his soul; he fears that eeper down he and Hettner are very iuch alike. So he offers Hettner gin and allies from light remarks about liquor light remarks about writing and nally rebuffs a wistful comment lettner makes about women with a ght remark about women. Against lettner's desperate attempts to comiunicate on a more substantial level, he defends his citadel valiantly." At the nd of the evening the narrator is fresh and alive; Hettner hurls a curse at him and leaves exhausted and miserable.

It is difficult to ascribe the "citadel" to any one factor in Trilling's early life. From Diana Trilling we have an account of his quiet, Eastern European, middle-class parents who never felt anti-Semitic exclusion and who fostered in Lionel a sense of social and intellectual self-confidence. Rather, his queasiness about being Jewish seems to be based on something he sensed, intuited from relatives and friends, and learned while studying at Columbia. The self-condemnation inherent in the story tells a lot about the difficulties he was having in reconciling his career goals with his religion.

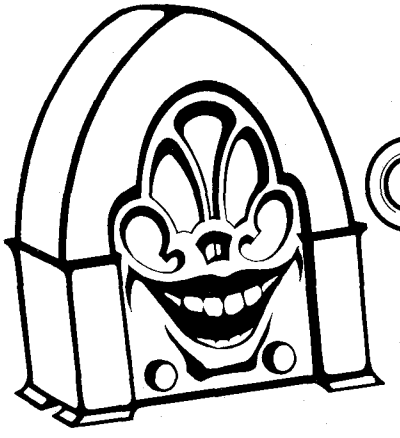
1929 saw Trilling married, plagued by the post-crash debts of both his and his wife's family, and still unsettled professionally. After his graduation in 1925, he stayed on at Columbia to take a one-year MA; in 1926 he was appointed as a teaching assistant at the University of Wisconsin; from 1927 to 1929 he taught at Hunter College (without enjoying it) and helped Cohen edit *The Menorah Journal*, where Trilling's second story, "Notes on a Departure," also appeared. Perhaps because he was going through such a trying time, this story is more poignant than his first one. It too has a literary epigraph (this time from Thomas Hardy) but it shows signs of growth: the three-part structure diminishes the tendency toward didacticism, the style is more supple, and occasional locutions are striking: "The word beauty annoyed her. The one thing she was sure of, the one thing that she was remarkable for, the one thing that she was indifferent to, was her beauty."

The title story, the longest of the five, was published in the *Partisan Review* in 1943. Trilling's situation had changed greatly. He was 38, and, by Columbia president Nicholas Butler's fiat, he had been given a permanent position on the English faculty. This high-echelon intervention came three years after Trilling had been dismissed from his non-tenured instructorship there because "as a Freudian, a Marxist, and a Jew" the department felt he wasn't happy at Columbia (Trilling maintained that he *was*). "Of This Time, Of That Place" reflects some of Trilling's new confidence. Like John Berryman's posthumously published short story "Wash Far Away," Trilling's story splendidly renders the academic life in its glories and absurdities. Every type of

They heard America laughing

Amos 'n' Andy, Will Rogers, Fred Allen, Fanny Brice as Baby Snooks, *Fibber McGee and Molly*—their voices dispelled the gloom of the Depression and World War II with a humor that mirrored the hopes and fears of a generation.

Now Wertheim re-creates that era in "a book full of crackling words in the night that, for many of us, are the sounds of our youth and our families together."—William Stott, author of *Documentary Expression and Thirties America.*



RADIO COMEDY

ARTHUR FRANK WERTHEIM

With 40 photographs, $18.95

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

200 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10016

SINCE 1478

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

student is represented: Ferdinand R. Tertan, who is questionably brilliant and questionably insane; Arthur J. Casebeer, who is coherent to the point of boredom; Theodore Blackburn, who is vice president of the student council, secretary of Quill and Scroll, manager of the debating team, and an insufferable sycophant who has never been given a grade lower than B-. Joseph Howe, a poet who teaches at Dwight College, is plagued not only with each of them, but by a recent attack in *Life and Letters* against the "precious subjectivism" of his own poetry. Trilling's treatment of each character-type (including Howe's) is cutting and insightful. Details of classroom activity are well observed, and the atmosphere of college life is sensitively felt:

Academic time moves quickly. A college year is not really a year, lacking as it does three months. And it is endlessly divided into units which, at their beginning, appear larger than they are—terms, half-terms, months, weeks. And the ultimate unit, the hour, is not really an hour, lacking as it does ten minutes. And so the new term advanced rapidly and one day the fields about the town were all brown, cleared of even the few thin patches of snow which had lingered so long.

1945 saw the publication of a pert, slicker story called "The Lesson and the Secret," about a creative writing group's dissatisfaction with their instructor (he hasn't taught them the secret of salability), and also "The Other Margaret," perhaps Trilling's best-known story, about a young girl's awakening to prejudice.

At the age of 40 Trilling had just about formed the spare, intelligent style that was to distinguish his criticism and serve him so well in his novel. But his prose was getting almost too fine and precise for fiction, especially for short stories, which usually deal with issues in a more metaphorical, less intellectual way. And with his growing technical excellence came the diminishment of a good bit of his earlier liveliness—spurious touches of humor, the preoccupation with being a Jew, the comedy inherent in an undergraduate classroom. What is so enjoyable about the five stories in this collection is the sense of the man they reveal before he became one of the most influential American men of letters in our century. They capture the initial thrill Trilling felt about himself as a writer, sitting down to write as the writer in his story "Notes on a Departure" sits down to write:

. . . afraid that, however complete and promising seemed the idea, words will perhaps betray it, will probably expose it cruelly, will certainly change it, and so he writes with the probability of failure on his pencil. But as he sits down, though he is not elated nor happy, nor has he time for any posture of heroism in the face of this fear, he knows that his thus sitting down and beginning his first paragraph is the only thing he can do and the best moment of his life.

Marc Granetz

Marc Granetz is the John Harvard Scholar at Emmanuel College, Cambridge.

Coming:

Isaiah Berlin on Verdi.

Brief Reviews

Wild Oats
by Jacob Epstein

(Little, Brown; $9.95)

College freshmen never sleep. They spend their nights partying because it's expected of them and because, what the hell, there's no one to tell them not to. Or they "pull all-nighters"—the only kind of studying their rigid code of honor permits. Not knowing what is expected of them academically or socially, freshmen try to bluff their way. The year's anxiety is broken only in rare moments of exhilaration, when something finally goes right.

Billy Williams is a hopelessly typical freshman. He worries about his course work, his friends, sex, asthma, his mother's impending third marriage. He is acutely self-conscious about the way others perceive him, especially Zizi, the girl with whom he is infatuated. Jacob Epstein gives us disarmingly candid and often very funny glimpses of Billy's private role-playing as he struggles to find the appropriate posture for every situation. At a doughnut shop with Zizi:

Billy ordered hot chocolate. He thought this was a smart move. It would impress Zizi that he didn't take himself too seriously. Sure he was going to see some guy in the Law School, but that didn't mean that he wasn't a down-to-earth, ham-and-eggs kind of fellow, still had a lot of the kid in him.

Because the story is told from Billy's point of view, the other characters a not much more than surfaces, obje around which he maneuvers. Billy is t self-conscious and wrapped up in l own worries to see beyond othe facades. Even Zizi is an enigma. Billy h no clue and not much curiosity abo what lies behind her erratic actior That is, until Zizi tells her side of t events he has observed, which give very different slant on studen problems. Only for the brief time th Billy involves himself in Zizi's probler can he come out of his self-absorptio

Jacob Epstein, who completed tl novel just before he graduated fro Yale, sketches the details of college li with accuracy and gentle comedy. *W Oats* won't take root in the reade imagination, but it will provide seve hours of light entertainment.

L.D

Sally Hemings
by Barbara Chase-Riboud

(Viking Press/A Seaver Book; $10.95

For 177 years it has been rumored th Thomas Jefferson kept a slave mistre for 38 years and fathered her seve children. This rumor has inspired Ba bara Chase-Riboud's extremely affec ing and poetic first novel. Even historical fact and careful supposition were not the story's basis, the Jefferso Hemings relationship the novelist h imagined would be unforgettable. black, Chase-Riboud writes with neith polemics nor anger; her sympathy with both sides.

In the novel, Sally's mother, daught of a white man and slave, was mistre to a white man. ". . . Don't love no mas if he don't promise in writing to fr your children," she said on her deathbe

. . . Love your own color. That brings enough pain . . . if you're chosen, get the freedom fo your children. I didn't get mine, nor for m children. . . . He never promised and I neve asked. I just expected. A terrible thing for a slave to do. Expect.

Nonetheless Sally did expect. Whe she was 14 she accompanied Jefferson daughter, Martha, to Paris where h father was American ambassador. C the way they stopped in London wit Ambassador John Adams and his wi Abigail. "This girl was both a provoc

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

on and a victim," Abigail Adams thinks ieeting Sally. "In her still unformed ersonality there resided the innate rrogance of the totally possessed . . . an lusive disinterestedness that was both n insult and an invitation."

During the stay in Paris, Jefferson, 44, ecently widowed and lonely, took Sally s his mistress. Slavery had been utlawed in France and Sally's brother, ie family cook, urged her to leave efferson and get her freedom while she ould. Instead, adored and happy, she ut her life in her lover's hands and eturned with him to Monticello. Until efferson's death, she did not realize hat her brother knew years before—iat men don't free what they love.

For his part, the novel's Jefferson oved her, risked his position by staying ith her and was torn by the ambiguity f his life. "I gave up what I most deeply elieved in for the sake of not provoking eople," he confessed. What he gave up as a paragraph (in historical fact) in a raft of the Declaration of Independence iat denounced George III for the nslavement of blacks. The Continental ongress had objected to it. "I have ften thought," Jefferson continued to ally, ". . . if my Declaration had been dopted as I had written it . . . you would ot be here, for there would be no avery in America, no slaves. . . ." How wful and ironic that he feared Sally's otential freedom as much as she did.

Although Jefferson promised Sally iere would never be a white woman in iarge of Monticello, his jealous, unhapily married daughter returned to take iat role. Like her mother before her, ally began to wait for her children to each 21, when, by Jefferson's promise, iey would be freed, some to "pass" as hites and never to return. Until efferson's death, she did not feel the outh's turmoil nor face her own, for ie had been secluded almost like a hite southern lady.

At the story's close, when Monticello dismantled, Sally, recently freed by efferson's daughter, witnesses the ave auction of her kin. She imagines ie young Jefferson on the block:

I heard the auctioneer droning—'Prime male, unusually strong, intelligent, trained as a carpenter, a gardener, a horse trainer, a secretary, a musician . . . useless in the fields, but a good breeder. Going once, going twice, going three times. Sold! Sold for $700. . . .'

Valerie Brooks

Valerie Brooks is a freelance writer.

Current Paperbacks

The Origins of Knowledge and Imagination by Jacob Bronowski

(Yale University Press; $3.45)

In these Silliman Lectures, which he delivered at Yale in 1967, the late Jacob Bronowski undertakes to purse Kant's epistemological enterprise with distinctly un-Kantian clarity. "The program," he announces, "is to ask what our knowledge of the external world rests on when we think of ourselves not as having God-given insight into it, but as being human animals penetrating it with the physical gifts we possess." The sense of sight and the power of speech are man's distinctive perceptual and interpretive gifts. Bronowski discusses the mechanism of vision and traces the evolution of human symbolic language from animal communication. Finally, he describes how science decodes the world by proposing closed systems of explanation, which are then challenged to reveal ever new connections in nature. An engaging 18th-century optimism about scientific inquiry and its beneficent power pervades this book.

Blood Tie by Mary Lee Settle

(Ballantine; $2.50)

Resting in exotic splendor on the Turkish Coast is the ancient city of Ceramos, whose rich melting pot of Greek, Roman, Christian and Persian heritage lures, siren-like, both foreign investors anxious to build a vacation-land, and angst-ridden expatriates of the Western world. In dense and deliciously rich prose Mary Lee Settle weaves an intricate tapestry of the lives of seven of those expatriates who with their few Turkish friends become the victims of political repression, and of their dreams of rejuvenated life in a new land. Settle's portrait of the clash of two cultures and the eerie criss-crossing of her characters' motives and desires is hypnotizing; her accounts of archaeological excavation and deep-sea diving are fascinating; and her portrayal of the ties of blood, love and loyalty that survive destruction is unforgettably powerful. This novel won the National Book Award for fiction in 1978.

The Populist Moment: A Short History of the Agrarian Revolt in America by Lawrence Goodwyn

(Oxford; $4.95)

A great work of history speaks to the present as well as to the past. In *The Populist Moment*, Lawrence Goodwyn not only vividly recreates a time and cultural sensitivity long lost to us—that of the agrarian mass movement in late 19th-century America; he also demonstrates how our lives are poorer for that loss. The story of the Populists is "a saga of democratic striving." Goodwyn argues that the "movement culture" of populism achieved a democratization of social and political life as yet unmatched in American society. But the failure of populism to transform American politics as a whole meant that the cultural hegemony of corporate capitalism stood unopposed. Even the reform movements of the 20th century have lived well within its limits. The Populist promise of "a new kind of democratic possibility in America" remains unfulfilled.

The United States and China by John King Fairbank

(Harvard University Press; $5.95)

"The first edition of this book in 1948, at the onset of the Cold War, concluded that 'the disintegration of the old order in China leaves that country open to reorganization under the dominant influence of either the USSR or the United States. . . .'" Professor Fairbank's current estimate of this prophecy: "What nonsense! China has gone her own way." The charm and candor of his comment suggest why his book has lasted into this, its fourth edition; another reason is its breadth. For in addition to surveying the 100-year diplomatic relationship between the US and China, Professor Fairbank provides a miraculously concise account of Chinese civilization from its foundations to the present day—the book ends with the recent normalization of relations between the US and China. Maps, photographs and an 80-page bibliography make this an invaluable reference work.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The New Republic Classified

THE NEW REPUBLIC CLASSIFIED IS A WEEKLY FEATURE. Ads are accepted at the discretion of the publisher. Rates: one time ad $1/word, six ads per year $.95/word, 12 ads per year $.90/word, 24 times per year $.85/word, 48 times per year $.80/word. Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR box numbers. Classified display ads are $30/inch. Bold headline, signature and inset available. Complete rate card upon request. Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with MasterCharge/Visa only. Send copy or call collect: Beth McGee, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC 20036. (202) 331-7494.

Personals

CHICAGO PHILOSOPHER/SCIENTIST seeks companionship with mature, intellectual, humanistic, literate, physically active, slender woman. TNR Box #9240

DIVORCED MAN, 60's, self-employed, seeks younger, stunning, saucy Bay area woman. (415) 921-7200

RIGHT WING Texas Oilman seeks liberal young lady as guide-companion for theaters, restaurants, and cultural points of interest in NYC. TNR Box #9235

BERTRAND RUSSELL SOCIETY. Information: NR40, RD 1 Box 409, Coopersburg, PA 18036.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS get the cultured, single, widowed or divorced acquainted. Nationwide. Write Box AE, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania 19081. Established 1970.

DATES GALORE! Meet singles-anywhere. Call DATELINE, toll-free (800) 451-3245.

GAY? Meet intelligent, interesting people. Quick-Confidential-Legitimate. Steve (212) 232-5500. Nationwide.

JAPANESE GIRLS make wonderful wives. Let us introduce you to an unspoiled Oriental Beauty. $2 brings photos, descriptions, application. Japan International, Box 156-NR, Carnelian Bay, CA 95711.

Et cetera

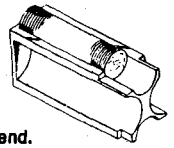
GINSENG TEA

Isn't It Curious?
Mysterious & Enjoyable Herb. Care for your health, Enjoy with your family & Proudly serve your guests. Care for your Blood Pressure & Skin. Send check .65¢ for Sample & Information. Small Box $3.75. Medium Box $4.75. UNIVERSAL STAR COMPANY, Bowling Green Station, P.O. Box 333, Dept. R1, New York, N.Y. 10004

FINE WALKING STICKS & CANES

Free color brochure. Marchele Co. Dept. NR 720 Fort Washington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10040.

Unique
COIN COUNTER & PACKAGER



$2.80
2 for $5.00
3 for $6.00
plus .40 (p-H)
Pa. residents add 6% sales tax.

Pat. Pend.

Enables you to accurately count pennies, nickles, dimes and quarters in standard amounts and easily place them into standard tubular coin wrappers. Plastic and pocket-size. Dealer inquiries invited.

DAWN MARKETING CO.
Dept. NR
307 Susquehanna Avenue
Wyoming, PA 18644

VIDEO CASSETTES—Hawaii in your home! Waves, streams, waterfalls—extremely relaxing—color with natural sound—catalog $2.00—Nebulae Productions 31-90 140th Street, Flushing, N.Y. 11354

METRICS ARE COMING! BE PREPARED WITH METRI-KIT. Easy, fast, metric conversions and comparisons for car, office, market and home. Set of 4 wallet size cards $1.00 postpaid. METRI-CARDS, Dept. NR, Box 27276, Los Angeles, CA 90027

Funerals

AVOID THE FUNERAL RIP-OFF Pre-plan burial, cremation, organ or body donation. Save survivor's grief. Do it your way. All forms, complete instructions. Send $5.00 to: Only Way to Go, 704 Indiana, Urbana, Il. 61801.

Help!!!

I'm trying to build a small homestead in Franklin, W. Va., on a *very* limited budget, using stone, used building materials, anything. If you have an old barn, shed, fence, pile of wood, or logs you would like to get rid of, I will tear it down and/or haul it away free. Wash., Md., Va. area to Franklin, W. Va. Reply to: Kenneth Grady, c/o New Republic Books, 1220 19th St., Suite 205, Wash., D.C. 20036

Literature

TOO BUSY TO BE CREATIVE?
Read BASIC COMPONENTS OF CREATIVITY by F. Lichtgarn—a provocative illustrated study compiled from over 10 million words and distilled down to pocket-book size. $5.95 postpaid. AIM Publications, Dept. NRC, 10310 Menhart Lane, Cupertino, CA 95014

FROM THE AUTHOR OF *Women, Sex and Race*, a new book, *Sexual, Racial and Political Faces of Corruption*, by Bernard Braxton. With many accounts, from sexual exploitation and incest of Pope Alexander VI, sexism and racism in churches, to rape, office sex harrassment, sexual exploitation in the US Congress and government departments; 280 pages; clothbound $8.95, paperback $3.45. Postpaid from Verta Press, 15 Randolph Place, NW, Washington DC 20001.

TECHNOCRACY-TECHNOLOGICAL SOCIAL DESIGN available for one dollar from Technocracy Inc., Continental Headquarters, Savannah, Ohio 44874.

FREE BOOK. Prophet Elijah Coming Before Christ. Megiddo Mission, Dept. 72, 481 Thurston Road, Rochester, New York 14619.

CHICKEN THERAPY. The small book that ca change your life. Illustrated. $3.00. Chicke Therapy, 4107 Barclay Drive, Port Clinton, Oh 43452

Literary Services

OUTSTANDING
WRITER/EDITOR/RESEARCHER Social polic psychology, education, arts. Full or part-time. Fa rates, prompt service. (202) 797-7935.

ATTENTION: AUTOBIOGRAPHY WRITER How to Write your Autobiography. Manu Available Now. Send $5.95 Royal Press, Box 94 Rockville, Md. 20851.

TRY OUR INTRODUCTORY "3 for 2" offer response nearly triples with multiple insertion TNR Classifieds work!

STILL LOOKING FOR A BOOK? Free searc service. Please write Peter Sperling Books, Dep R, 207, E. 21st St., NYC, NY 10010

WRITERS: "PROBLEM" MANUSCRIPT? T AUTHOR AID ASSOCIATES, 340 East 52r Street, New York City 10022.

BOOK SEARCHING—All subjects, large stoc List your needs. Regent House, 108 N. Roselak Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90026

PUBLISHERS' OVERSTOCKS. Over 4,0 bargain books, all subjects. Free catalo Hamilton 98-71 Clapboard, Danbury, Ct. 06810

Employment Opportunities

MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE TEACHERS ar other school faculty needed for position elementary and secondary independent schoo throughout the U.S. Register with R.M. Sandoe Associates by calling (toll free) 800-225-7986 617-262-5380 from Massachusetts.

The New Republic seeks a managing edito Duties include all aspects of editing from assigr ing articles through copy editing to supervisin production. The most important qualifications ar a sympathetic political outlook, good story sens and copy editing skills. Please send letter an resume to Michael Kinsley, *TNR*, 1220 19th St NW, Washington, DC 20036.

VOLUNTEER PEACE CORPS/VISTA
Challenge, Growth, Renewed Sense of Purpos That's what you'll experience as a Peace Corps VISTA volunteer. Projects in U.S., Latin Americ Africa, Asia, and the Pacific for one—and two-year commitments. Your expenses paid; singles couples. Information: Linda Friedman, Peac Corps/VISTA, P-31, Washington, D.C. 20525 A Equal Opportunity Program.

Resources

THERAPIES AND HEALING SYSTEMS GUID Exhaustive new catalogue of conventional ar non-conventional helping techniques—fro psychoanalysis and yoga, through accupressu and preventive nutrition, to psychic surgery an color therapy. Over 125 entries include bri descriptions and sources for additional informa tion. Send $3.50 per catalogue to Therap Resources, P.O. Box 4272, Seattle, Washingto 98104.

Instruction

Bachelors, masters, doctorates. Legal, inexper sive, fast. Free details. Dr. John Bear, 215 Franklin Street, Dept. 65847, Oakland, Californi 94612.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weepstakes

OUR FREE REFUND FORMS and OTB weepstake entry blanks—Send S.A.S.E. to: 85-5 Essex St., N.Y.C. 10002.

T-Shirts

DISCOVER EINSTEIN

eethoven, Vivaldi, Wagner, Gilbert & Sullivan, Chopin, Sand, ickinson, Dostoevsky, Fitzgerald, Hemingway, C.S. Lewis, Proust, hakespeare, Thoreau, Tolstoy, Woolf, Melville, Anais Nin, Agatha hristie, Dracula, Jung, Nietzsche, Wittgenstein, Spinoza, Reich, lachiavelli, Mao, Golda Meir, Einstein, Margaret Mead, utankhamen, F.L. Wright, DaVinci, Escoffier, Bogart, others -SHIRTS: white $7. 4/$25. Red or blue $9. 4/$32. SWEATSHIRTS: ray $14. 2/$26. choose sizes S, M, L, XL NIGHTSHIRTS: red or lue (S, M, L only) $12. 2/$22. TOTES: $12. 2/$22. APRONS: $10. /$18. all cotton
rices ppd. CANADIAN customers add $1.50 per piece.
-HISTORICAL PROD. box 220C Cambridge, MA 02138

Buttons/ Bumperstickers

ANTI-NUCLEAR ORGANIZATIONS!
uality T-shirts, bumperstickers, buttons, etc., in ock for fund raising. CUSTOM ALSO. Send ASE for list. Larry Fox, Box M-4, Valley Stream, ew York 11582. (516) 791-7929.

UMPERSTICKERS, DECALS, BUTTONS. Low st, custom made advertising for your Business ecial Event, Organization or Political Campaign. Buy direct from manufacturer and SAVE. ease state intended use for appropriate samples. rite for FREE Brochure, Price List and Samples. EFLECTIVE ADVERTISING INC. Dept. NR, 8551 ige Boulevard, St. Louis, Missouri 63114. Phone 14) 423-5495.

Communicate

NGING TELEGRAMS (312) 761-5991

Property Sale/Rent

ABBATICAL? Rent/Exchange housing orldwide. LOAN-A-HOME, 18N Darwood Place. t. Vernon, New York 10533

Vacation/Travel

APE COD - furnished, 3 bedroom, sleeps 6; deck erlooks stocked pond; fireplace; minutes from eautiful beaches; July-August (202) 265-8424.

RITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS Tortola. Large 6-room rnished home. Ocean view overlooking eaches. $250 per week. Brochure. Box 177, Short lls, N.J. 07078.

ruise English canals in autumn peace. ofessional skipper. ENGLAND AFLOAT, Box 83, Springfield, Mass. 01101.

ERKSHIRE FORUM VACATION WORKSHOPS. pertly led discussions on controversial issues. emorable scenery, meals, swimming, tennis, kes. Berkshire Forum, Stephentown, N.Y. 12168. 18) 733-5497.

OIN WEST INDIES SCHOONER CRUISE - artinique, Grenada, Guadaloupe, Saba, under nite sail. 6 informal days of beach combing in a opical paradise with congenial shipmates. A eat "get away," 'barefoot' and casual. No rush, TV. Full crew and captain. Share from $310.00. ee adventure booklet. Write Windjammer arefoot Cruises, Dept. 051, Miami Beach, Florida 139.

THE GREAT ESCAPES

ATTN: World Travelers

At last! A monthly publication for the frequent globetrotter. Latest news on customs, currency, laws, air fares, charters. Columns on cruises, sports, lodging, tours, shopping, health, solo travel, dining, wines, art, photography and much more. Observations by our readers exchanging the good and the bad. We "tell it like it is." One-year subscription only $5.95. Your satisfaction is guaranteed. **International Travel News**, 2120 28th St., #283, Sacramento, CA 95818.

PUERTO RICO: Luquillo Beach House 3 bedrooms, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney. Box 460. Gracie Station, New York, New York 10028.

Games

BRIDGE PLAYERS—Finally a two-player bridge game in which you feel you're really playing bridge. Free information, no obligation. Write Duo Bridge, Box 231, Merrick, N.Y. 11566

Music

CHAMBER MUSIC FURNITURE
Hardwood stands, benches, and accessories.
Traditional Elegant Designs.
Early Music Stands
Free Catalog
Drawer 2400, Box 277, Palo Alto, CA 94302

BURTON HARPSICHORDS, SPINETS, AND CLAVICHORDS - Professional Instruments in kit form, from $195. For brochure write Burton Harpsichords, 727 "R" Street, P.O. Box 80222N, Lincoln, Nebraska 68501.

Your favorite 45's from the 50-60s. More than 5,000 records available. Request title and artist. Send no money. Will respond with availability and price. Swanson Roth, P. O. Box 12342 Research Triangle, N.C. 27709.

Arts/Crafts

JAPANESE WOODBLOCK PRINT REPRODUCTIONS Masterpieces by Utamaro, Hokusai, Hiroshige, etc. New catalogue illustrated 600 subjects, $10.00 (seamail). No wholesale available. Adachi Institute of Woodcut Prints, CPO Box 362, Tokyo, Japan.

Wallcoverings

DISCOUNT WALLCOVERINGS—LIBERAL SAVINGS. Strahan, Schumacher, Greef, VenLuit, K&W, Walltex. Any brand. Paper, vinyl, designer handprints, fabrics. Call with pattern number. Toll free: 1-800-245-1768. American Discount Wallcoverings.

INTRODUCE YOUR AD TO A QUARTER MILLION READERS FOR JUST $1 A WORD!

Vacation/Travel

PUERTO RICO. Luquillo Beach House. 3 bedrooms, for rent weekly. Edward Pinney. Box 460, Gracie Station, New York, New York 10028.

*SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER. Pay for 2 ads—get # 3 FREE!.

Telephone numbers count as 2 words. P.O. numbers and abbreviations count as one word. Zone numbers and zip codes are not counted. Additional $4.50 for TNR Box #'s. (complete rate info on preceding pg.)

Send your check/money order with your copy, or give us your Visa/MasterCharge # and we'll charge it to your account. Copy must be received 19 days prior to the Saturday issue date. Phone orders accepted with Visa/MasterCharge only. Send Copy or *call collect*: Beth McGee, The New Republic Magazine, 1220 19th St., N.W., Washington, DC. 20036 (202) 331-7494

My ad reads:

THE NEW REPUBLIC MAGAZINE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Washington Diarist

Puppets

My two favorite television shows run back-to-back on Saturday evenings here in Washington. Together, they form the perfect preface to a night of disco-hopping or a Georgetown soirée or more television, as the case may be. First comes "Agronsky and Company" at 7 p.m., followed by "The Muppet Show" at 7:30. The formats of these shows differ slightly. On "Agronsky," several hand puppets sit in a circle gassing self-importantly about events in the past week's news. On "The Muppets," a group of Washington columnists is seen preparing and performing a musical review. Or perhaps it's the other way around, but in any case the comic premise of both shows is the same. This is to have a regular cast of characters who display every week, in extreme and uninhibited form, the human vanities and foibles that we all possess but try to suppress in real life. Some of the characterizations are a bit broad; one thinks of blustery Jack Kilpatrick on "The Muppets" and conceited Miss Piggy on "Agronsky." The other show's Miss Piggy, Elizabeth Drew, is a more subtle portrayal of the mid-career woman. Each show has a resident endomorph: Fozzie the Bear is a lovable chucklehead; Carl Rowan is sober and slow. Of the two hosts, I slightly prefer Kermit the Frog, who plays an amiable put-upon, over Martin Agronsky's stern governess routine. Both shows add to the merriment with guest appearances by ridiculous real-life characters such as Raquel Welch, Liberace, Haynes Johnson and Joseph Kraft, who seem even more ridiculous for abasing themselves in this fashion. When Joseph Kraft joins Miss Piggy in a duet, or Raquel Welch and Hugh Sidey share their ignorance about affairs of state, the result is high comedy indeed. But the most amusing character on either show is the epigrammatic muppet, George Will, who strikes a pose of wry detachment from the foolishness, as if to suggest that he isn't a puppet at all.

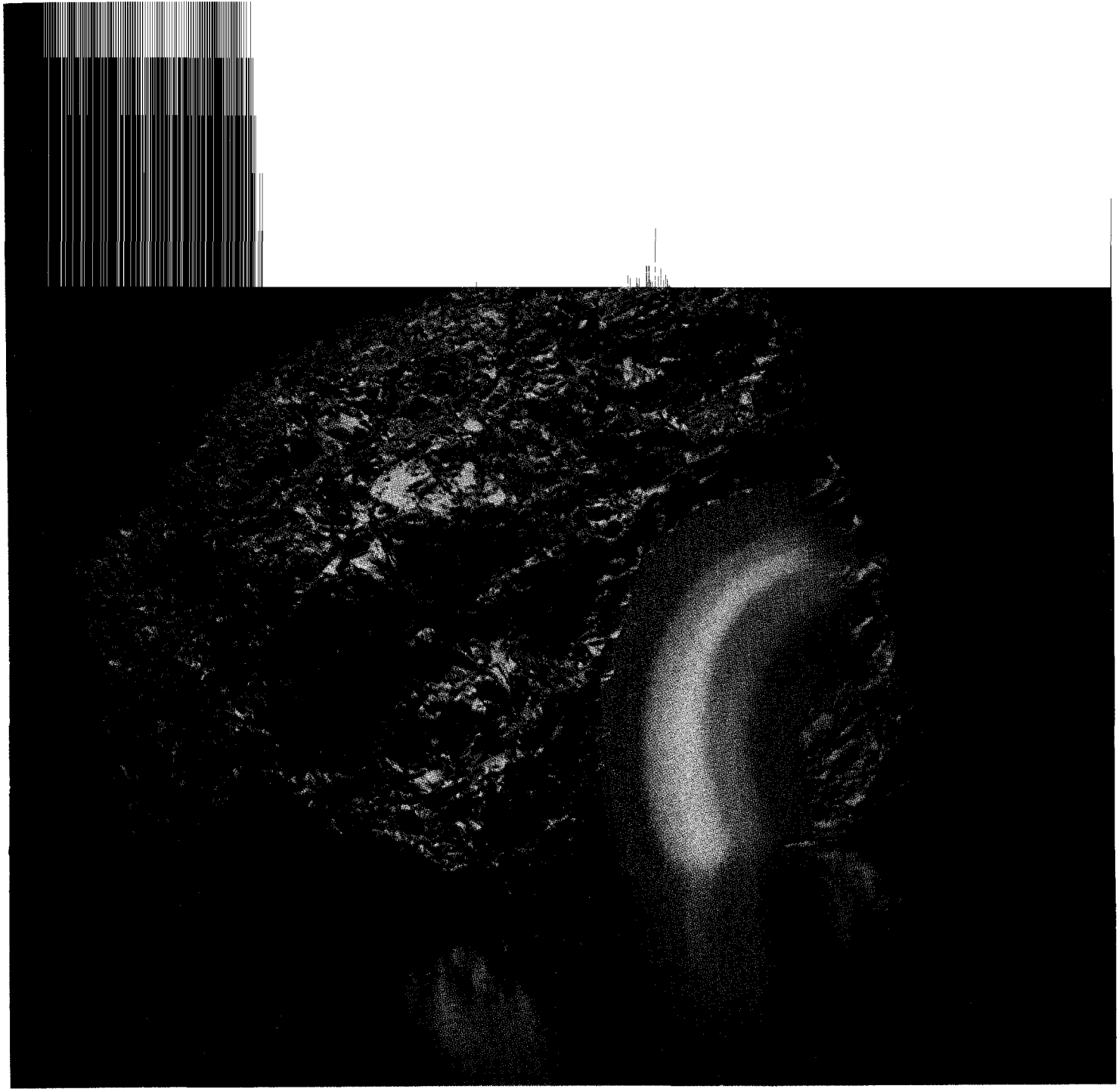
Anyone who has studied the torrent of volumes that pours into these offices for review is aware that books get published on the most unlikely topics. Still, I was staggered, if not thrilled, to receive a letter recently announcing publication of "a book about the very rare and distinct Kinsley family name." The letter offered to send me a copy of *The Kinsley Family Heritage Book*, along with a registration number and a "Certificate of Authenticity," for the merest pittance of $19.85. Just to put this bargain into perspective, it is $7.15 less than what Oxford University Press wants for *A Guide to the Birds of Ceylon*, among the choicer offerings in its Fall 1979 catalogue. I suppose Oxford Press figures these dim-witted fowls will flock to buy the book at any price, whereas Mrs. Beatrice Bayley of Sterling, Pennsylvania, knows from her extensive researches that Kinsleys are likely to be more tight-fisted. I am not surprised Mrs. Bayley finds that the name Kinsley is a rare one. Our own family geneologists have traced the patronymic all the way back to about 1910, at which point it disappears into the mists of unrecorded history. In fact, if there is anything that distinguishes my ancestors, it is that none of them were named Kinsley. Mrs. Bayley writes that although the name Kinsley is quite rare, she has found various Kinsleys around the country by diligent research into "utility registration, telephone listings, and other reputable sources." I suspect that most of this purported collection of long-lost relatives is actually my own long trail of short-term residences. The fact that Mrs. Bayley's generous offer was sent to an address I left a year and a half ago supports this suspicion. Nevertheless, if there are any wealthy Kinsleys out there who have purchased *The Kinsley Family Heritage Book* and, as a result, plan to mention me in their wills, please direct all correspondence to the office here, not to 2515 P Street NW.

Here is an anecdote to illustrate the difference between Washington, DC, and Cambridge, Massachusetts, for those who think there is no difference. This issue contains an article by our contributing editor Michael Walzer, a Harvard professor of government, about the energy crisis and other matters. Discussing this article by phone from Cambridge, Walzer said to me, "You'll have to check Carter's exact remark about the energy problem—something about it's being as big a challenge as fighting a war." I said the exact phrase Carter used was "the moral equivalent of war." "Oh, no, you're confused," Walzer assured me. "That was William James." I explained to him that Carter lifted the phrase from William James, as was well publicized at the time. (This was the infamous Cardigan Proclamation of two yea ago.) What struck me as particular Cantabridgian was not merely Walze familiarity with the phrase as a litera reference and ignorance of it as hackneyed political cliché, but h flattering (though faulty) assumptic that I knew it the same way. I wou quote you the rest of our refreshing cultivated conversation, but it was Latin (with discursions into ancie Hebrew) and concerned the nature evil, progress toward a unified fie theory, and other matters more a propriate to a casual chat over sherry Cambridge than to a Washington diar

When certain important ideas rea their historical moment, they surfa simultaneously and apparently i dependently in more than one gre mind. This phenomenon has bee observed by scientists for centuries, ar now it has happened again. How else ca one explain the fact that, in the pa month, all the best minds in tow suddenly have realized that the gover ment should spend many billions dollars developing a program to mal synthetic fuel out of shale and tar sand The coincidence is especially strikir because these are the sort of gentleme who probably wouldn't know a piece shale if it fell into their martinis at lunc Clearly the forces of historical i evitability are strongly at work. Fir came a call for action from son permanent shadow government type Paul Ignatius, former this and that ar now head of the airline lobby; Lloy Cutler, a big shot Democratic lawye and Eugene Zuckert, who could b anybody but I suspect is not a geologi either. If these men knew as much abo turning rock into oil as they know abo turning lunch chat into newspap articles and editorials, our problem would be over. Then, no sooner had th word gone forth about this ps chogeological breakthrough Washington, than word filtered up fro Texas (via the *Wall Street Journal*) tha Walt Rostow, who previously had bee suspected of having rocks in his head b not on his mind, had reached the sam conclusion about the urgency of syn thetic fuels. And if you'll bear with m through one more incredible coin cidence, James Reston revealed the sam insight in the *New York Times* only day later! I guess that settles it. Synthet fuel it is.

M.E.K

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Getting more out of coal takes skills that go beyond coal.

Coal represents 85 percent of America's energy reserves, but only 18 percent of our energy consumption. So, as the nation becomes dangerously dependent on foreign oil, it is a major challenge to overcome the barriers that block the greater use of coal.

As an oil company that is also a leading coal producer, Conoco is helping meet this challenge—often by applying oil technology to coal.

For instance, because America runs primarily on petroleum, we're working on ways to change coal into synthetic gas and oil.

And we've developed ways to reduce pollution when coal is burned.

At a time when some people in government are trying to limit oil company participation in the coal business, Conoco's efforts to reduce dependence on foreign oil demonstrate a very important point:

America will get more *out* of coal if any company that wants to can put its skills *into* coal.

conoco

Doing more with energy.

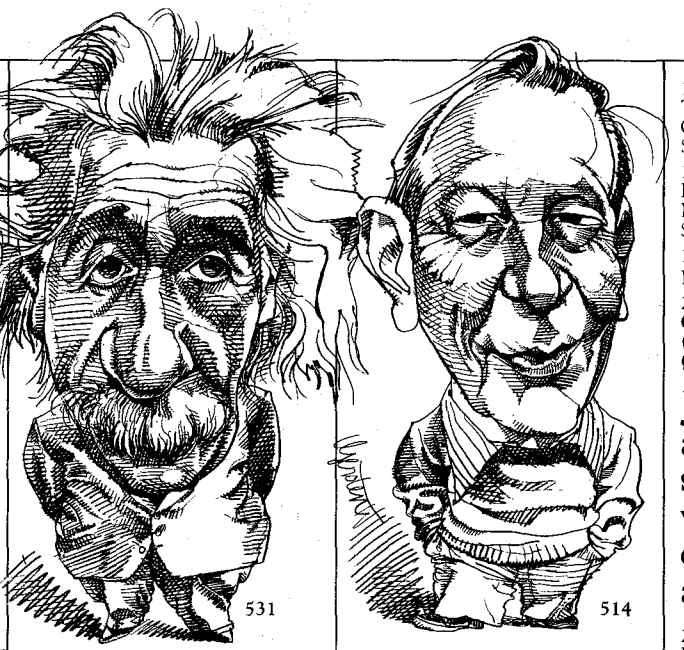
Conoco, Stamford, CT 06904. © 1979

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHY PEOPLE WHO DON'T JOIN BOOK CLUBS ARE JOINING QPB.

Four reasons: Great books. Great authors. Great savings. Great editions. These are full-size, softcover books that are as durably bound as their hardcover counterparts.

In fact, the only significant difference is the price: A QPB softcover costs up to 65% less than a bookstore hardcover. You don't judge a book by its cover, so why pay for the cover?



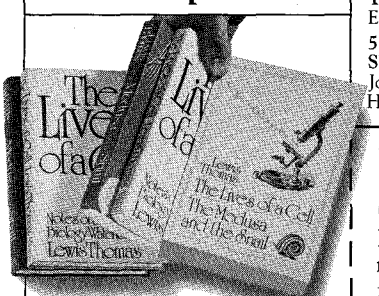
531. Out Of My Later Years and **The World As I See It.** Albert Einstein. (2 Vols.) **QPB: $6.95**

533. Play It As It Lays and **Slouching Towards Bethlehem** Joan Didion. (2 Vols.) Hardcover: $13.90 **QPB: $5.95**

514. The Stories Of John Cheever John Cheever. Hardcover: $15 **QPB Ed: $7.95**

520. In The Deserts Of This Earth Uwe George. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. (Photos) Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB: $6.95**

Compare



2 Hardcovers: $17.90 **QPB Boxed Set: $7.95**

530. The Lives Of A Cell and **The Medusa And The Snail** Lewis Thomas. (2 Vols., Boxed) Hardcover: $17.90 **QPB Ed: $7.95**

540. Tutankhamun: The Untold Story. Thomas Hoving. Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB Ed: $6.95**

541. Pregnancy & Childbirth The Complete Guide for a New Life. Tracy Hotchner. **QPB: $5.95**

542. Essential New York A Guide to the History and Architecture of Manhattan's Important Buildings, Parks, and Bridges. John Tauranac Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB: $6.95**

546. Cooking In A Small Kitchen Arthur Schwartz. Illustrated by Gary Rogers. Hardcover: $8.95 **QPB Ed: $4.95**

525. A History Of Israel: From the Rise of Zionism to Our Time. (Maps) Howard M. Sachar. Hardcover: $20 **QPB: $8.95**

123. The Mind Stealers Psychosurgery and Mind Control. Samuel Chavkin Hardcover: $8.95 **QPB Ed: $4.95**

151. The Lord Of The Rings J.R.R. Tolkien. (3 Vols., Boxed) Hardcover: $32.95 **QPB: $9.95**

152. Ainslie's Complete Hoyle Tom Ainslie. Hardcover: $12.50 **QPB: $5.95**

Let's try each other for 6 months.

Quality Paperback Book Club, Inc., Middletown, Pa. 17057.
Please enroll me in QPB and send the 3 choices I've listed below. Bill me $3, plus shipping and handling charges. I understand that I am not required to buy another book. You will send me *QPB Review* (if my account is in good standing) for 6 months. If I have not bought and paid for at least 1 book in every six-month period, you may cancel my membership. A shipping and handling charge is added to each shipment. QB127-7-1

Indicate by number the 3 books or sets you want [ ] [ ] [ ]

Name _____ 9-16
(Please print clearly)

Address RITTER LIBRARY BALDWIN-WALLACE COLLEGE JUL 5 1979 Apt. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

How membership works

1. You receive **QPB Review** 15 times each year (about every 3½ weeks). Each issue reviews a *new* Main Selection, plus scores of Alternates. All Main Selections with established publisher's list prices are offered at at least 20% discount off that list price.
2. If you want the **Main Selection** do nothing. It will be shipped to you automatically. If you want one or more Alternate books—or no book at all—indicate your decision on the reply form always enclosed and return it by the date specified.
3. **Bonus books for Bonus Points.** For each book or set you take (except the first 3 you get for $1 each), you earn Bonus Points which entitle you to choose any of the books we offer; you pay only shipping and handling charges.
4. **Return privilege.** If *QPB Review* is delayed and you receive the Main Selection without having had 10 days to notify us, you may return it for credit at our expense.
5. **Cancellations.** You may cancel membership at any time by notifying QPB. We may cancel your membership if you elect not to buy and pay for at least one book in every six-month period.

167. Anna Karenina. Leo Tolstoy Translated from the Russian by Coristance Garnett. Hardcover: $14.95 **QPB Ed: $6.95**

196. The Painter's Craft: An Introduction to Artists' Methods and Materials. Ralph Mayer. Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB: $5.95**

198. The Best Of Life. (Photos) Hardcover: $19.95 **QPB: $6.35**

204. The New York Times Book Of House Plants. Joan Lee Faust (Illus.) Hardcover: $9.95 **QPB: $6.95**

Join now. Pick any 3 books or sets for $1 each—with no obligation to buy another book.

248. The Politics Of Energy Barry Commoner. Hardcover: $10 **QPB: $4.95**

267. The Book Of Numbers Compiled by the Editors of Heron House. Hardcover: $12.50 **QPB Ed: $6.95**

272. The Literary Cat. Edited by Jean-Claude Suarès and Seymour Chwast. Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB: $6.95**

305. Mysteries Of The Past. Lionel Casson, Robert Claiborne, Brian Fagan and Walter Karp. Editor: Joseph J. Thorndike, Jr. Hardcover: $34.95 **QPB Ed: $9.95**

334. Tassajara Cooking: A Vegetarian Cooking Book and **The Tassajara Bread Book.** Edward Espe Brown. (2 Vols.) Illus. **QPB: $7.90**

366. Dante's Inferno. Illustrated by Gustave Doré. **QPB: $6.95**

381. The Photography Catalog Edited by Norman Snyder with Carole Kismaric and Don Myrus (Illus.) **QPB: $7.50**

426. The Oxford Book Of Literary Anecdotes. Edited by James Sutherland. Hardcover: $15 **QPB: $4.95**

507. The Natural Way To Draw: A Working Plan for Art Study. Kimon Nicolaïdes. Hardcover: $8.95 **QPB: $4.50**

526. Gnomes. Text by Wil Huygen Illustrated by Rien Poortvliet Hardcover: $17.50 **QPB: $8.50**

527. The Flounder. Günter Grass Translated by Ralph Manheim Hardcover: $12 **QPB Ed: $5.95**

529. Running The Rivers Of North America. Peter Wood. Hardcover: $12.95 **QPB: $4.95**

QPB **The first book club for smart people who aren't rich.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED